



## Dark Desire by D3sire

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**Summary:** What happens when Pennywise begins to crave something other than fear? Bit of self insert here (myself, haha). Some writing practice and fulfillment of fantasy. Enjoy!

# 1. Chapter 1

**Author's Note:** A little interlude/break in between chapters for my Pennywise fan-fic. This one is mostly for writing practice and because I could not get my loveable Clown out of my head. Yes, I have an illness. I am well aware of my obsession. Please don't judge. ;P This is more along the lines of a self insert piece. I had to get myself in there at least once, right?

I do not own anything related to Stephen King's ITdom, nor; sadly, do I own Pennywise (oh how I wish I did...) Below is also my own personal opinion on the character, the miniseries, the book as well as the movie. I enjoyed all three but favor the book and the movie the most. Enjoy!

**Theme Song: Marilyn Manson - Kill4Me**

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1

Amanda groped out blindly through the darkness in an attempt to silence the shrill alarm she had set on her cell phone the night previous. Dainty fingers, tipped with sharp stiletto nails painted black wrapped around the slim device she always placed on the table beside the queen sized bed. She groaned inwardly at the harsh light that cut through the shadows like a hot knife through butter. When her chocolate brown eyes latched onto the time, her body stiffened. It was only midnight. She didn't remember setting her alarm for that time. She swore she had set it for 3am. With a faint snarl and a curse or two, she none-too-gently, set the phone back down on the table. Three hours of sleep was at least better than none at all. Raking a hand through dyed jet black hair that fell in loose waves down to the small of her back, she gave a sigh of resignation before pulling herself out of the comfort of the black sheets. She supposed it was time to get back to work.

She padded barefoot down the stairs of the small two bedroom house she was currently renting. It was quiet enough here in Derry Maine, a far cry from the hustle and bustle of the city life she had all too willingly left back in Rhode Island. She hated the city, always had.

She hated the smell, the chaos and most of all, the people. Working nearly twenty years serving the public, she had grown almost numb to social interactions, merely going through the motions. Here in solitude, she could work in peace on both her book and the current script she had been drafted to finish for some locally filmed television show. She still had to pay the bills, after-all.

The tile floor of the kitchen was almost shockingly cold beneath her feet as she trudged to the coffee pot sitting on the small counter. Without putting a light on, Amanda hit the start button. She had prepped it the night before just in case she had awoken before the automatic start began the coffee brewing cycle. She moved to the table where she kept her small container of vitamins and popped them all into her mouth at once, dry swallowing the concoction in one go. It was eerily silent. Almost oppressively so. It surprised her just how quickly she felt a sense of unease envelope her. Shrugging it off as simply her nerves, she turned back to the counter and reached up into the cupboard for her favorite mug. A black ceramic affair with creepy red lettering that simply read *IT*. She had purchased the mug on some online store after she had seen the movie adaptation for the second time and had become nearly obsessed with Skasgards portrayal of the chaotic clown Pennywise. Though she had seen the miniseries several times growing up and had praised Tim Curry for his performance, she had always felt it was lacking something. When she had finally seen the movie, she realized in the first five minutes exactly what it had been lacking. ***Unpredictability***. Tim Curry's version had seemed almost cartoonish in a sense and she had half expected to see him become some kind of two dimensional animation. However with Skasgards version, there was a raw animal magnetism, an unpredictability that kept you on your toes and fit with the original character in the book.

Once the gurgle of the coffee pot finished, Amanda poured a small amount of coffee creamer into the bottom of her mug, replaced it back into the fridge and added the fresh coffee. The scent of Peppermint Mocha faintly wafted up from the mug to assail her senses and she sighed a bit contentedly before taking that first heavenly sip.

A faint jingle of bells had her pausing with the mug half way down.

She wrote all sorts of novels that were combinations of horror, romance and fantasy. It somehow didn't quite surprise her since she could still feel the hair on the back of her neck standing to attention coupled with the unease of being watched. Slowly and carefully, she set the mug down on top of the table without so much as a click of the ceramic on top of the wooden surface. She reached beneath the table to carefully unhook the wooden bat she had secured there upon moving in a month ago. Unfortunately, her fingers only found empty space.

"Where you looking for this?" Came a familiar high-pitched voice from the darkness of the corner of the kitchen. It carried with it a chill that ran down her spine and caused goosebumps to break out on the bare skin of her arms and legs.

She turned slowly towards that voice, her breath catching as her gaze locked on a nearly seven foot tall figure standing a mere foot away from her. The outline of the silhouette was just as familiar as the voice and for a moment, Amanda thought that her mind and eyes were playing tricks on her. As if the figure sensed her doubt, it moved forward a few inches, the silver moonlight filtering through the back door illuminating its features.

***It couldn't be real!***

She had almost pinched herself to make sure she wasn't hallucinating. Standing in her kitchen, swinging the wooden bat back and forth casually, was Pennywise. **THE** Pennywise. She blinked several times and shook her head faintly, but the stark white face and sinister red markings remained.

"I am as real as the air you're breathing, Amanda. I always have been." Came the Clown's reply, almost as if he had read her thoughts and knowing him, he probably had. Oh God, what else had he read from her mind? A blush began to creep up the back of her neck. Just how far could IT delve into a person's mind? Questions but no answers.

"What do you want, Pennywise?" She asked softly, giving herself points for keeping her voice calm and collected. There was no fear of him, but a strange sense of longing that pulled at her. It caused her to

shift slightly, turning so that she faced the Clown more fully. She could feel his yellow eyes burning over her as he took in her slim figure, clad in hip hugging yoga shorts and a loose plain black t-shirt. A tattoo of some kind of Nordic dragon was etched at the top of her left thigh, showing in stark contrast against her pale skin.

"You called to me." He said simply, his voice sounding almost husky. He moved closer towards her, dropping the bat down by his side. He circled her slowly, tilting his head up just enough to inhale her scent. She smelled of Patchouli and something he couldn't quite put his finger on, but it certainly wasn't fear.

"I did?" She inquired, folding her arms across her stomach just beneath her chest. "And how exactly did I do that?"

Pennywise moved closer, standing merely a breath away from physical contact. With a deeper wiff of her scent, the Clown reached out and ran a fingertip lightly over the flesh of her left arm. He was rewarded with a strong spike in that secondary scent of hers that he was slowly beginning to identify. He carefully placed the bat back onto the table before answering her question.

"I could hear your dreams. You called out to me as you slept."

Embarrassment stark and hot painted her face red and she was thankful that it was still too dark for him to actually see that her cheeks were tinted pink. Perhaps he could smell it on her because he was suddenly standing behind her and leaning over her right shoulder. Amanda could feel the heat of his presence against her back like a scalding fire. A powerful force that would instill fear in the bravest of people. But to her, there was no fear. Only...

### ***Arousal.***

**THAT** was what that other scent was. Pennywise let out a maniacal chuckle the moment he discovered the reason why she didn't fear him. She was turned on by the mere proximity of his presence. This was certainly a first. The Clown encircled her waist with one of his lengthy arms and pulled her back flush against his chest. A low guttural growl trickled past his lips and rumbled against her ear, painting her spine with fine tremors of desire.

There was something seriously wrong with her. She needed to get her head checked. How was it that a child-eating, demonic entity caused her to grow weak in the knees and it wasn't from fear!

Pennywise inhaled her scent once more, full lower lip brushing against her ear.

"Mmm. You smell of something better than feeearrr." He purred, drool cascading over his lip to drip faintly onto the bare curve of her shoulder. His lips parted and he allowed the tip of his tongue to trace along the speeding pulse that lingered beneath her flesh.

Amanda groaned, her head tilting in the opposite direction as his left hand slid up the front of her throat. His thumb brushed along the line of her jaw and pressed against it, tilting her head further to the left. The pulse jumped wildly, causing him to breathe deep again.

"How have I survived on fear alone?" He wondered in amazement, dragging the tip of his nose down along the curve of her neck and along her shoulder. His lips burned a path of molten heat along her flesh that shot straight down to her core. Her body clenched tightly like a coiled spring ready to break at the slightest pressure. As if sensing this, the Clown chuckled.

"I can only imagine what would happen if I tasted you, Amanda."

The image his words invoked. *Oh dear Lord...*

She felt her breath hitch painfully in her chest a split second before she felt the hand around her waist shift, dipping beneath the waistband of her shorts. Those gloved fingers sliding lower very nearly made her knees buckle.

"Why did you call out to me?" He hissed softly against the curve of her shoulder, the edges of those oddly sharp front teeth scraping erotically over the surface of her flesh. He was rewarded with a faint groan that rumbled past her lips.

"I don't know." She managed to whisper out. She felt his fingers flex, lengthening into sharp claws that dragged enticingly along the inside of her thigh.

"Liee." Pennywise whispered, nipping harder at her skin. She felt blood well to the surface and trickly down over her collarbone, pooling between her breasts. Her nipples had hardened into taunt peaks that were beginning to hurt everytime they brushed against the material of her shirt.

"You do not fear me." He made it a statement rather than a question.

"No."

"Good. The scent of your arousal is more appealing to me than any fear I have ever tasted."

Another blush crept it's way up the back of her neck with the spoken admission of the effect the Clown had on her. Without warning, he spun her around, backing her up until her backside hit the edge of the table. He framed her face with his hands, and tilted her head back far enough so that her eyes caught his.

"The world will know that you belong to me now." He slid his hands down to her hips, easily lifting her as if she was as light as a feather and sitting her down onto the table's surface. He knelt by her legs and forced her knees apart, fingers trailing up over the inside of each thigh. He hooked those claws into the material of her shorts and pulled. There was a harsh ripping sound as the fabric gave way under his strength, shredding like tissue paper. He gave a throaty growl when the musky scent of her arousal hit his senses fully. She had worn nothing beneath them...

It took all his will and effort not to take her then. He didn't have much time and he wanted her marked as his before the night was over. Inhaling deeply, his growl mingled with her hiss of anticipated arousal as she felt his breath against her aching core. Her fingers clenched against the edge of the table.

"This will hurt." Pennywise warned just a moment before his mouth opened wide, the corners ripping back to reveal rows of razor sharp teeth. Again there was that spike in her arousal and he felt himself chuckle softly. She was a mystery to him, but one that he could not simply ignore. His tongue lashed out, swiping over the unmarked flesh of the inside of her right thigh very close to where it met her



womanhood. Without warning, without a single twitch of evidence as to what he was doing, he struck, biting deeply enough into her flesh to leave the perfect imprints of his teeth. He could have easily jerked his head and either torn flesh from her, or ripped the limb off but that was not his goal. Not with her.

The blood that assailed him was rich, heady and sweet at the same time, almost reminding him of the cotton candy he had used to lure his victims in the past. The moment her blood hit his stomach, Pennywise pulled back. He used a single claw to pierce the center of that bite wound, tattooing an intricate symbol, his symbol. It was an ancient, forgotten talisman of protection as well as a symbol of binding. She would be able to summon him no matter where she was, even if it was his time for his long slumber. This was only the first step of his claiming of her. The rest would come soon enough.

Her blood painted the lower half of his face in crimson as he stood surprisingly graceful for someone of his stature. He trailed his claws lightly over her hips for a brief moment before he pulled her up and into a sitting position. What he saw on her face was not pain nor agony, but rapture. She had actually enjoyed his marking of her. A giggle, nearly childish in tone, rumbled from his lips and he used his thumb to tilt her head back so he could look into her face more clearly.

"Enjoy that, did you, Precioussss?" He taunted with his blood stained mouth so tantalizingly close to hers.

"Yes." She answered honestly, her voice nothing more than a euphoric whisper.

A one sided smirk twitched at the left corner of his mouth.

"That is nothing compared to what will come later."

Another spike of her arousal caused Pennywise's nostrils to flare as he inhaled deeply.

"Mmm." Suddenly, he moved with the speed he was known for and closed the distance between them. He gripped her hips and pulled her none too gently against him so she could feel the hardness of the

Clown's arousal against her naked and awaiting center.

"The timing musst be right to make you mine, Amanda. I will claim you. This is not the last you have seen of me." He trailed a hand up along her abdomen and between her breasts to grip her jaw lightly with his fingers. "For now you must rest."

As if his words were some kind of spell, she felt her world grey around the edges as oblivion returned to claim her in a dreamless sleep.

## 2. Chapter 2

**Author's Note:** I want to thank everyone who took the time to Favorite, Follow and Review Dark Desire. Honestly I had intended it to be a one shot deal but since you all enjoyed it so much, I thought it best if I continued. So this chapter is dedicated to all of you. I have no real set plot in mind other than Pennywise and Amanda's obvious mutual attraction. If you have any idea, feel free to shoot them my way and I will see what I can work with. Later on down the line I may even take requests. ;) For now, enjoy! (Bit smaller but it is sort of a fill-in for non-lemony goodness ;) )

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### 2

She awoke to filtered sunlight attempting to peek through the opaque black curtains that adorned the windows of her bedroom. How had she gotten back to bed? Her head pounded, her memories were groggy. Groaning softly, Amanda shoved her face into the comfort of her pillow. The moment she did, a strong flash image of her laying back against the kitchen table as Pennywise knelt between her spread knees caused a bolt of heat to travel up her spine. Tossing the covers aside, she rushed to the bathroom with it's full length mirror hanging behind the door. She closed it swiftly and tilted her leg just enough to see if the pain she felt at her inner thigh was real or simply a figment of her imagination.

Dried blood clung to her pale skin in red-brown patches, flaking off anytime she moved. It wasn't from her period. She had just gotten over than last week. No, there was too much of it for that. With steady hands, she grabbed a clean wash cloth that had been neatly folded beneath the sink and ran it under the hot water. Carefully, she dabbed at the dried blood, starting from the bottom and working her way up. The instant those damp fibers touched the inside of her right thigh, she hissed in pain. Taking her time, she dabbed at the wounds a little more tenderly, watching in the mirror as deep lacerations were uncovered. There had to be over a hundred of them, forming a wide oval. In the center of it was an intricately drawn rune that Amanda could not place the origin of, nor translate. She carefully

touched the rune with her index finger. At that simple contact, a violent flash of someone else's thoughts bombarded her mind. She cried out and fell to her knees, clutching almost painfully tight at her temples.

***Thinking of me, Precioussss?***

At the sound of that voice, Amanda jumped, turning to look behind her. This time, she was alone.

The Clown chuckled in her thoughts.

***I have bound you to me. This enables you to summon me should you need me at any time. Even during my long rest. You can also speak directly to my mind.***

She stood slowly on shaky legs, her fingers gripping onto the edge of the sink for support. The mirror above the sink came slowly into her line of vision. But what stared back at her was not her reflection. It was Pennywise.

"I can not involve you in my hunting. There are those that seek to desstroy meeee."

Tentatively, she reached out, letting her fingertips touch the edge of the cool glass. It was solid and the image of the Clown never wavered. What surprised her most, however, was when he reached out on his side of the mirror and placed his hand against the glass almost mirroring hers. Her gaze shot up from their hands to his face, searching for some kind of answer to her unspoken question.

"I would not sssee you harmed, Precioussss."

Without warning, the image of Pennywise vanished. He did not want to see her harmed? From what? Hadn't he said that there were people out there that wanted to destroy him? But who were they? More questions with no answers.

With a groan of frustration, Amanda ran the palms of her hands over her face and moved to the shower. She drew back the curtain and nearly screamed when she saw a single red balloon floating there. With a faint chuckle, she grabbed a hold of the string. The minute her

skin touched it, the balloon turned. Scrawled on the front of it in elegant black lettering were two simple words:

***No touching.***

As soon as her eyes took in those words, the balloon popped, showering the bathtub with hundreds of rick dark rose petals that were such a deep red they were nearly black. What had he meant by no touching?

***Yourselfffff.***

Came his growling reply in her mind.

A blush crept up the back of her neck at his words. Ignoring the embarrassment, she turned the water on as full and as hot as she could stand it. She pulled the drain up on the tub, letting it fill with steaming water. The dark rose petals floated along the surface. They reminded her of drops of blood along the water. As if on que, the wound at her thigh began to leak, faint crimson lines painting her pale skin. It was certainly going to scar and she found herself uncaring that she even had it to begin with. It still surprised her that Pennywise was actually real and not just a fictional character made up by one of the most brilliant masters of horror.

Amanda stripped carefully, ensuring that she didn't reaggravate the wound before she stepped into the hot bath. Carefully, she lowered herself down into the water, hissing when she submerged her thigh. Blood tinted it a very faint and subtle pink as she lounded back against the white cast iron. With a deep breath, she lowered herself under the surface, enjoying the weightless floating feeling. Was this what it had felt like when those children floated down in Pennywise's subterranean chamber? Was there any feeling for them at all or were they just simply lifeless? She wasn't entirely sure she wanted to know those answers.

Popping back up to breathe, she felt her sense of peace shatter as the doorbell downstairs broke her serenity. With a frown and a sigh of resignation, she stood from the water and enveloped herself in the bathrobe she had hanging on a hook beside the bathroom door. She tied the sash tightly around her waist and descended the stairs.

Whoever was at her door better have a damn good excuse.

### 3. Chapter 3

**Author's Note:** I love you guys! Keep the reviews coming! Because I keep getting favorites, follows and reviews, I decided to keep going and have produced Chapter 3 of Dark Desire a bit earlier than I intended. Your commentaries keep me going! Keep them coming!

**Theme Song:** *Avenge Sevenfold - Scream*

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#### 3

Amanda stood behind the closed front door, listening to the shrill ring of the bell as someone impatiently leaned against it. Something in her hesitated to simply yank it open to see who was on the other side. It was as if there was something or someone warning her against it. Her fingers barely brushed the doorknob but it felt as if a strong, powerful jolt of electricity shot through her. Biting her lip to keep from crying out at the numbing pain, she carefully took a few silent steps back, instinctively avoiding the creaky floorboard just inside the entry to the kitchen. Along with that jolt of electricity, she had gotten a flash image of who or what was standing behind the door. The tall frame of a man dressed entirely in black from head to toe loomed just beyond. It wasn't the creepy appearance that had unnerved her. It was the force of his presence. When the figure moved to press the door bell once more, the sleeve of his coat shifted, revealing an intricate tattoo on the inside of his right wrist. It was a rune of some kind, but it lacked the detail of the one she now bore on her thigh. It was different, almost simplistic and yet nearly as intricate as hers. Instinctively she knew that this man was not tied to Pennywise. Perhaps this was one of the men that the Clown had claimed was seeking to destroy him.

She turned on her heel to move quietly back up stairs to gather her clothes when she noticed movement at the door that led to the small backyard directly off the kitchen. Another tall shadow loomed beyond the door. Her gaze traveled down to the doorknob as it began to turn. Thankfully it was still locked from last night. Fear, nonetheless, threatened to take over. Somehow she knew that these men or whoever they were meant her harm. Backtracking, Amanda carefully

made her way up stairs. She stripped her bathrobe off and quickly pulled on whatever she happened to pull out of her drawers. Thankfully, it happened to be a plain black long sleeved t-shirt and a pair of worn jeans that had probably seen better days. She tugged on the first pair of shoes she stumbled over which happened to be running shoes. She grabbed her cell phone and headed straight for the basement with its hidden bulk head.

***They found you.***

The suddenness of Pennywise's voice in her thoughts nearly made her jump. She slipped quietly down the stairs, keeping to the shadows as best she could. She watched the man that had been testing the kitchen door move around the side of the house to join the other man at the front door.

***Yes. There are two of them at my front door.*** The ease of which she spoke with him telepathically surprised her.

A furious growl echoed in her mind.

***Where are you?***

***The basement. I am hoping to give them the slip. I had a sense that they meant me harm.***

The Clown was silent for a moment.

***I am surprised they found you so quickly. Once you escape unseen, come to the abandoned house on Neibolt Street. I will await you there.***

Amanda nodded once, though she knew it was mostly to herself than to affirm any kind of plan of action. He knew as well as she did that she would be there. He had the answers to the questions she so desperately wanted answered. She moved through the shadows easily and to the door that would lead her outside and to her chance at freedom. She watched the windows, waiting until she saw the last of the man's shadow disappear around the corner. She opened the door silently, knowing that the lock she had installed was not rusted and would barely make anything more than a whisper of a sound. She



pulled it open and was greeted with the stench of damp air. She popped open the bulk head just enough for her to slip through. The coast was, so far, clear. She carefully and as silently as possible, closed the bulk head door. She could hear their muffled whisper of conversation but couldn't make out the words. She didn't wait and stick around to try to make heads or tails of what they were discussing. She bolted across the back yard and hopped the fence separating her yard and the next. It was only three feet high. Anything taller and she would have likely broken her neck vaulting over it. She crouched down for only a moment before sprinting across Mrs. Richard's flower garden.

Neibolt Street was only a half mile away. Ten, perhaps twenty minutes depending on if she ran there or walked. It was a freaky enough situation and would probably be best to get there as quickly as she could. Thankfully she had put her running shoes on. Taking one last glance over her shoulder, Amanda took off running as fast as her legs would carry her. The burn from the wound at her thigh was nothing in comparison to the fear she felt if these men were to catch up with her, and that was not something she was about to let happen. She took a right at the end of the street, disappearing around the corner just as the two men came into view of the main road. She had just missed them by mere seconds. Despite being in the clear, she didn't stop. Not until she took the left directly onto Neibolt.

*I can ssssmeeelll you, Precioussss.*

Came Pennywise's nearly taunting whisper.

Amanda breathed a sigh of relief. Her gaze locked onto 29 Neibolt Street. An abandoned Victorian that sat nearly alone at the end of the road. Large sun flowers sat in the yard, quite possibly dropped by passing birds. A large gnarled and twisted tree stood nearly in the corner of the front yard, giving the boarded up house an ever creepier feel. Though the atmosphere, the very presence of the house itself seemed to scream terror, she found a strange comfort in it. She stopped for a moment just at the front gate that was wide open and inviting. She took a deep breath and walked up the pathway that led to the small front porch and partially broken door. It swung open on it's own, almost as if some unseen hand had pushed it open for her. She stepped over the threshold, barely jumping when the door itself

slammed shut behind her, narrowly missing clipping her backside.

"You are bleeding."

She whirled around at the sound of his voice. He stood in the doorway that led directly off of the kitchen and to quite possibly another room. His looming stature and presence would have intimidated or perhaps terrified anyone that encountered it but to her, it felt safe.

"I ran all the way here." She admitted, noticing the blossoming stain forming on her jeans. She sighed softly, pushing a hand through her still semi damp hair. "I grabbed my cell phone and nothing else."

"You are safe here." He informed her, moving towards her with predatory grace. Each movement almost seemed practiced and yet held an unpredictability that made it hard to guess what he may do next.

"Who were those men?" She inquired sitting herself down on the broken remains of what had once been a small table. She would have to reclean and bandage the wound at her thigh, otherwise it would only continue to reopen nearly everytime she moved.

"They are those who are hunting me." He replied simply.

She had assumed as much. "Are they part of some kind of cult? I noticed a tattoo on the right wrist of one of them men. A rune of some kind."

Pennywise stiffened, standing nearly up straight to his seven foot tall stature.

"The Cult of Chud."

## 4. Chapter 4

**Author's Note:** Another one just for you guys. So glad to see that everyone is enjoying the story thus far! Again, I do not own anyone but Amanda (who is sort of myself with a few minor tweaks).

**Another Note:** In this scene we will see Pennywise taking on a more human form, and yes I will be using Bill Skasgard for reference.

**Theme Song:** *New Years Day - Malevolence*

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### 4

She sat on the edge of the small kitchen counter, legs spread wide as Pennywise sliced a rip along the inseam of her jeans. Blood flowed freely from the reopened wounds, capturing his gaze almost immediately. She heard him sniff at her scent and it caused a blush to creep up the back of her neck. She turned her head away from the scene of him kneeling before her, but it was immediately pulled back front and center when she felt the hot lash of his tongue glide across her skin. A gasp escaped her lips as her fingers curled around the edge of the counter beneath her. She felt a deep growl vibrate from him and another spark of desire shot straight through her as he stared up at her with those damn demonic yellow eyes, the left one just slightly off kilter. There was a possessiveness in them, a stark, raw hunger that had nothing to do with food and had everything to do with desire. She knew in that moment that he wanted her just as much as she wanted him, but *why*?

"Because you **do not** fear me. You *desire* me." Came his reply, the words whispered against her flesh. She could feel the faint brush of his lips with each word he spoke.

Daringly, Amanda reached out and allowed the tips of her fingers to touch the side of his white painted face. The Clown seemed frozen to the spot, unable to move. He remained stark still as she moved her hand to allow the tips of her fingers to trace over the curve of his lower lip.

"You desire me because I have no fear of you?"

Pennywise gave a childish chuckle, running his gloved hand up from her left knee and over her thigh.

"That, and I desire you for so *many* more reasons, Preciousss."

"Oh?"

"Mmm." He purred, standing swiftly. His movements were accompanied by a jingle of bells. His long fingers curled at the nape of her neck and tilted her head up. His eyes searched the depths of her own, almost becoming lost in that rich chocolate brown color. His lips hovered above her own, drawing out the moment for the both of them. After a few, heart stopping seconds of simply staring at one another, they both moved at the same exact time, their lips clashing in a kiss that was both hungry and passionate. She watched in amazement as the facade of Pennywise the Dancing Clown seemed to fade. The white face paint seemed to soak into his skin and darken to a normal, albeit pale complexion. The large crown of his head shrank and the red hair darkened to a mousy brown. It seemed to move like a wave, covering the remainder of the visible scalp. The tall stature remained, as did the yellow hue of his eyes. However, that was all that had remained from the Clown's guise. The rest had turned more human. Standing before her with his lips hungrily devouring hers, was a young man who appeared to be no older than thirty. He had high cheekbones and a baby face that was quite pleasing to look at.

Amanda pulled back for a moment, her eyes glancing over the new form that Pennywise had assumed. A single dark brow arched inquisitively at the change.

"If I am to protect you in the outside world, I felt it wise to assume a form that would not cause people to run. The less attention we draw, the better."

Both brows frowned and she felt his thumb, which was now enveloped in black leather, trace the curve of her lower lip.

"In the outside world?" She inquired, softly, looking up at him with a

mixture of curiosity and confusion.

"Yes. The Cult of Chud will not stop to get to you. How they knew we are linked, I am unsure, but the threat of them still remains. Until I bind with you fully, Amanda, you are in danger."

"So you will be, what? Staying beside me twenty four seven?"

The thought seemed to appeal to him, a sly smile forming at the corners of his lips. His black leather gloved hand shifted, long fingers tangling in the dark wealth of her hair to curl around the nape of her neck. He pulled her forward, shifting her closer towards him.

"Now that is not such a bad idea." He mumbled against her mouth.

"Okay, not that I wouldn't mind your presence, Pennywise, but don't you think that they would expect you to trail me, or at the very least be keeping your eyes on me? If they know that we are bound in some way, they would more than likely expect you to be near me."

He was silent for a moment, shifting the possibilities over in his mind.

"That is possible." He affirmed, his gaze searching hers.

"Then perhaps it would be wise if we did the opposite. Perhaps try to lead them away from us rather than giving them confirmation of what they already suspect."

This time it was his turn for his brow to frown.

"What do you sssuggessst, Preciousss?"

"Using me as bait."

Immediately, she watched as Pennywise's gaze shifted, turning black as the anger enveloped his emotions.

"That is **not** an option." He pushed out through clenched teeth. His fingers tightened their hold on the back of her neck and he pulled her closer, forcing her head to tilt back. He loomed over her, almost as if he was attempting to intimidate her. "I am not purposely putting you

in harms way."

Spittle dripped from his lower lip to land on the knee of her jeans. "I have never felt this strongly for anyone, or anything. I have only existed to *feed*, to feed on fear. I have never cared about the perceptions of others. But now," He trailed off for a moment, his other hand reaching up to tuck a strand of wavy black hair behind her ear. "Now, I find myself caring about the way you see me. I find myself occupied with thoughts of you while I try to hunt my prey. I did not want this, Amanda, but neither can I bring myself to push you away."

This was the most she had ever heard him speak and she marveled in the scope of his intelligence. She knew what he/IT was, what he had done in his very lengthy past and if she was honest with herself, she didn't care. Did that make her insane? Perhaps it did and if it did, so be it. It was something she was just going to have to live with.

"I don't want you to push me away, Pennywise." She let her hands settle on his chest, feeling the warmth of him through the long sleeved black shirt he wore. It was sort of strange to see him in the facade of a human.

"Then let us compromise."

Her facial expression could not hide the shock at his suggestion. Compromise? That was such a...human thing to consider. Hell, most human males that she had encountered had never even offered a compromise on anything.

"What do you suggest?" She asked softly, fingers toying absently with the collar of his shirt.

"That you should stay here with me. We will draw them into my territory."

Amanda glanced around at her surroundings, noting the state of decay the house was in. "Well, in order to make this place more habitable, it is going to need a bit of work."

## 5. Chapter 5

**Author's Note:** Semi-Lemony Goodness! ;)

**Theme Song:** *Thirty Seconds to Mars - Hurricane*

*Tell me would you kill to save a life?*

*Tell me would you kill to prove you're right?*

*Crash, crash, burn, let it all burn*

*This hurricane's chasing us all underground*

*No matter how many deaths that I die I will never forget*

*No matter how many lives that I live, I will never regret*

*There is a fire inside of this heart*

*And a riot about to explode into flames*

*Where is your God? Where is your God? Where is your God?*

*Do you really want...*

*Do you really want me?*

*Do you really want me dead,*

*Or alive to torture for my sins?*

*Do you really want...*

*Do you really want me?*

*Do you really want me dead,*

*Or alive to live a lie?*

He had brought her to the subterranean chamber that lay beneath the town of Derry, interconnecting with miles of underground sewage tunnels and drainage systems. They all met at one central point, the abandoned house on Neibolt Street, what most of the townsfolk called the Well House. The house itself had been build around the crumbling remains of a large stone well. This was the mouth of the beasts lair. The stones had been painted in old blood. She had been able to smell the decay of it as she had descended down the knotted rope that led down in to the dark, dank, labyrinth. Now, she followed him through the pathways, ensuring that she made a mental map of each twist and turn so that she could find her way out if need be. Amanda had always had a good sense of direction, often traveling only once to an unknown location and being able to find her way back to it even after long periods of time in between visits. She watched, fascinated as the human facade that Pennywise had chosen, wove through the twisting tunnels with ease. He had been living down here, probably for centuries, and undoubtedly knew them like the back of his hand. A smirk tugged at a single corner of her lips as her head tilted lazily to the right and she stared at the figure's jean clad backside as he strode with confident purpose in front of her.

"Something amusing you, Preciousss?"

His voice called back to her over his shoulder. He would offen hiss out the s in his adopted pet name for her and she found it strangely alluring.

"Hmm." Was her mumbled reply, her eyes still watching the subject of her distraction with great interest. She hadn't noticed that he had stopped until she quite literally bumped into him. She let out an embarrassed grunt, taking a couple of steps backwards so that she wasn't quite stuck up his ass, as fine as it was.

"You did that on purpose." She accused, a faint pout pulling at the corners of her mouth.

"Yesss." Came his simple reply. "I thought you might have wanted a closer look."

She knew he was sarcastically mocking her, but she also knew it was done in amusement rather than cruelty. She found a single corner of



her lips shifting into a smirk once he started moving again. She was on the verge of forming a witty comeback, but the moment the tunnel led out into a large circular chamber, all words were forgotten. There was a macabre tower that had been built in the middle, a collection of various items that had been collected over the centuries. Bicycles, toys, even clothing had been piled into a spiraling formation that very nearly reached the large metal grate above them. Was that the silo up above? Amanda had almost half expected to see children floating, their movements reminding her of what it looked like to simply float beneath the surface of the water. Gracefully, silent. Eerie. But, there was nothing, nothing but the faint drip of water and the soft gush of it from various pipes.

"You will be safer here than up above." He said softly, watching her look around. He reached up and cupped the side of her face with his large gloved hand. "If you must venture aboveground, try to be as discrete as possible. The Cult will be watching your house. If you have need of anything from there, make a list and I will acquire it for you. I do not want to risk your safety."

If anyone who had ever known Pennywise before would have said that since meeting her, he had become soft, weak. He had come to know compassion, and quite possibly the first stirrings of love. Lust, certainly. Desire, passion, without a doubt. But was it really starting to turn to an emotion that he had never once felt a fiber of? He had nothing to compare it to. Would she humble him? Would she want him to change for her? Questions he had no real answers to.

"How do we lure them where we want them?" She asked, turning her gaze away from the tower of random items and locking them with his.

"That will have to be a joint effort. But, I want the binding to be completed before we even think about luring them anywhere."

"This binding, what does it consist of?" She tilted her head faintly, instinctively leaning into his touch.

"The first step is called the **Marking**, of which we have already done." Pennywise watched with amusement as a faint blush colored her cheeks and he knew the memory was fresh in her mind, just as it

was in his. "The second step is called the **Tasting**. Basically an exchange of blood. I take yours again, only this time you take mine in return. It is not pleasant tasting and you will notice changes. You will become stronger, able to see in the dark easier. The third step is called the **Consummation**, of which I am sure you can guess what that consists of." He gave a chuckle when her blush deepened. "The final step, called the **Binding**, is a mix of all of the steps combined and must be done three days after the **Consummation**. If it is not finished, it may kill you. I am not certain on this as I have never done this before."

A single dark brow of hers quirked upwards. "Well, that doesn't sound too bad." She joked, mostly to cover her unease at the thought of dying. She was not afraid of death, but she wasn't keen on dying. "What happens after the Binding?"

"You will become something similar to what I am. Our energies will fuse, become two halves of the same whole. You will not be exactly as I am for you started out as human. I have never been human."

"How do you know of this Binding?" She asked, genuinely curious.

"It was created to ensure procreation."

She snorted faintly in response. "Oh."

"Everything spawns. It ensures survival."

Amanda nodded once in agreement. "So once the Tasting is done, there is no going back?"

"Yes. There will be no going back. I will not perform the Tasting until you are certain you want this."

She reached up and framed his face with both of her hands, ensuring that his eyes locked with hers.

"I am certain that I want this, Pennywise. If I did not want this, I would not be down here with you."

An inhuman growl rumbled from his lips, upper lip curling over teeth that had begun to sharpen. Without warning, his hand snaked into

her hair and pulled, tilting her head to the left and exposing the line of her throat. He bit down on the curve where her neck met her shoulder, directly over the wildly throbbing pulse that beat like a war drum. It had been calling to him since he had Marked her, urging him to take the next step. He had practiced such self control that it had amazed him. He heard her cry out when his teeth pierced through flesh, muscle and just faintly knicked bone. He had not wanted to tell her it was going to hurt worse than the Marking. He did not want to cause her pain, but he knew he had to. He took several swallows of her blood before releasing his hold on her. Without a spoken word, he ripped at the collar of his shirt, tugging off one of his gloves with the edges of his blood stained teeth. Long, thing human fingers lengthened and tapered into sharp claws that could easily render flesh to ribbons. He used one to slice his own skin. Dark blood welled to the surface. The moment it touched the air, it began to float off of his skin, moving through the air like a balloon.

With his hand still tangled in her hair, Pennywise urged her towards his throat.

*Oh my God...*

He was right! It did not taste pleasant. It was not coppery like normal blood. It was **bitter** and seemed to burn her throat as she swallowed. However, despite it's unpleasant taste, it aroused her beyond measure. She heard him inhale her scent and growl, a deep rumble that came from his chest. With her mouth and teeth still locked on his throat, Pennywise picked her up easily by the hips. Her legs locked instinctively around his waist. One of her hands sought the back of his neck, nails digging into the flesh for purchase while her other slid beneath his shirt to claw at his side just over his ribs. With a snarl, he pinned her none-too-gently to the floor. Her back smacked the concrete with a solid thump that rushed the air from her lungs, but she didn't let go of him. In fact, she clung onto him tighter. Her hips shifted of their own accord and she felt the hardness of his own arousal poking at her between her legs. Amanda bit down slightly harder for a moment before pulling away. His inky blood painted her lips and trickled down her chin to mingle with her own blood that had begun to color her chest. His lips claimed hers, teeth nipping at

her lower lip. His hands framed her face as the kiss deepened, his own hips surging forward to press himself tightly against the heat he felt seeping from her core.

"The Consummation?" He asked with a groan, his bloodied lips trailing a path of fire down along the front of her throat.

For a moment, she was confused, her mind in an aroused haze. "The what?" She asked in a husky whisper, her back arching as she felt him move lower. His teeth grazed at one of her nipples above her bra and shirt, making her gasp in surprise.

"Do you wish to continue with the Consummation?" He asked with a faint chuckle, sliding his bare fingers along her abdomen.

"If you think you're going to stop now, Pennywise, you are sadly mistaken." She warned with a faint growl.

"Then prepare yourself, for it will be utterly consuming."

## 6. Chapter 6

**Author's Note:** You guys rock! Seriously! Each review, favorite and follow I get inspires me to continue, and this story is turning out alot longer than I had anticipated! Without further delay, some **LEMONS!** Only because you all asked so nicely and I left you with a major cliffhanger at the end of the last chapter. Enjoy!

**Theme Song: New Year's Day - Angel Eyes**

*There's a darkness,*

*I can feel it in your touch*

*I should get away, get away*

*I want you way too much*

*Take my breath,*

*Baby reach inside my chest,*

*You can have whatever's left,*

*Cause baby I'm possessed*

*Don't you try to hide with those angel eyes*

*(If you let me inside, I wont hold back this time)*

*Such a deep disguise, the devil's right inside*

*(More than paralyzed, Oh its the chase you like)*

*I don't care how many times it takes to get through to you,*

*This is a force that not even God can stop,*

*You're fucking mine*

The feel of his hips rocking against hers was nearly enough to drive her crazy. Even with what felt like miles of clothing that separated them. She had agreed to the Consummation, willingly. There had been no hesitation, no regret, only longing. A need that seemed to ingrained in both of them, there was almost no telling if it was simply formed by the ritual of the Tasting, or if it was something that had formed the first moment Pennywise had set eyes on her. She was certainly not like anyone else he had encountered. She had such a strength of will, an instinct to survive but there was still a fragility to her and it made her all the more alluring. She was fascinated by the darker things in life and had showed no fear. Sure she could still be surprised and jump at the unexpected, but it was short lived. It was almost as if she had mastered the art of controlling her fears.

Now, she was like putty beneath his hands. Pliant and welcoming to his touch. He had removed both gloves, enabling his long fingers to dance across her flesh beneath her shirt as he bunched it up over her stomach. His lips skimmed her abdomen, the edges of his teeth causing her muscles to contract faintly beneath the attention. He watched her, peering through the valley of her breasts when her back arched against him. He marveled at how reactive she was to him. With his yellow gaze locked on her face, his tongue flicked out to taste her, licking a path of molten fire up from her navel and to the very edge of the black lace bra that was just beginning to peak out from beneath the shirt. He watched at she folded her lower lip beneath her teeth, scraping them along it's surface in a gesture that was purely erotic to him. Fire shot straight to his loins like a white hot lance of lightning. Pennywise growled lowly, tugging the material the rest of the way off of her torso.

He loomed over her like a shadow, a protective dark sentry. She felt safe, desired. Something that she had never felt with anyone else. Despite the darkness in him, she embraced it, enveloped it with her compassion and refused to let it go. Before he could close the gap between them, Amanda let her own fingers caress up his sides, nails faintly scratching over his ribs as she pushed his own shirt up. She marveled at the lean, pale expanse of his skin. At least in this form. It didn't matter what form he took. The Clown, the human, both appealed to her. She knew that neither of them was his true form. She had gathered that much simply by the scope of his presence, the

feel of his power. He was far stronger than he had led others to believe. With a faint snarl, she tugged his shirt the rest of the way off of him, throwing it haphazardly over her shoulder.

"So eager." He purred, a smirk forming at the left corner of his lips.

"Eager to start but no where near eager to finish." She replied daringly, reaching up with her right hand, enabling her thumb to trace the curve of his lower lip.

"Oh? Well then, let us not keep you waiting, Preciousss."

His fingers delved into her hair and tugged lightly, maneuvering her exactly where he wanted her before he claimed her mouth with his own. There was nothing entirely gentle about the kiss. It was tongues and teeth, fire and passion. Her legs were still locked around his waist, almost refusing to allow him to move. Her own hands dance down along the length of his spine to grip at the backside she had been admiring so fondly earlier. She heard him chuckle, but she couldn't tell if it was out loud, or simple in her mind and at this point, she didn't care. She was very nearly beyond reason. He broke the kiss, trailing his mouth down along the front of her throat. His tongue flicked across the wound at her shoulder, tasting the addictiveness of her blood one last time before moving lower. His hands shifted down along her sides as he slithered further down along her body. His teeth caught the material of her bra and pulled. The thin lace ripped like tissue paper beneath the strength of his jaws and the millions of sharp teeth that had morphed at his command. Almost immediately, her nipples hardened when they were exposed to the chilly damp air.

An appreciative hum passed Pennywise's lips before he lavished attention first to one peak, then the other. He felt her nails dig into the muscles of his backside as his sharp teeth carefully scraped along the taunt flesh in his mouth. He was rewarded with a throaty gasp that made him smirk against her skin. The tip of his nose trailed down along her abdomen until it came in contact with the fastening of her jeans. He did not take the time to undo them. He simple hooked his fingers into the belt loops and pulled. They slid down over her hips, exposing the fact that she had not warning anything beneath them. His eyes, when he glanced up at her face, had bled to

an orange hue with the intensity of his desire. The sight of his mark so close to her womanhood was nearly enough to shatter his control. He placed a hand on either one of her ankles and slid them up along the insides of her legs. When he reached her knees, he pushed them apart, breathing deep of the musky scent of her arousal.

"I bet you taste even better." He said softly, brushing a kiss against her left knee. He did the same with her right before shifting himself higher, trailing his tongue slowly, almost teasingly along the inside of each thigh. He growled possessively when he scraped against his first mark. His fingers dug into her hips as he positioned himself closer to her core. Drool fell from his lower lip as the scent of her became overpowering.

***Mine.*** He growled in her mind a split second before his mouth devoured her. She cried out in shock and pleasure at the suddenness of it. Her hands all but slapped down onto the concrete beneath her, nails fighting for purchase into something, anything. Pennywise wouldn't let her. With his mouth still locked against her, his hands found hers and held them fast by the wrists, holding them in place down beside her hips. He wanted her writhing. He wanted her whimpering.

Unable to find anything to grab onto, Amanda bit her lower lip to keep from screaming.

***Do not stifle yourself, Preciousss. I want you to scream.***

"C-can't." She managed to croak out in between deep breaths. She felt him move, replacing his mouth with one of his hands as he shifted upward to peer into her face.

"You will." He replied confidently, sliding a single finger into her slick entrance. He watched the rapture on her face, enjoying that it was him that brought her this pleasure. Slowly, he added a second one, feeling her clamp tightly around those digits that were slowly envading her. He crooked them upwards towards the front of her body and a sly smile spread across his face the moment she cried out. Her freed arm wrapped around his shoulder, nails digging into his back as his hand moved against her.



"I would much rather have you screaming when I am buried all the way inside of you."

His words caused a fresh hot spike of desire to lance through her. He watched as her eyes turned nearly opaque with arousal. He reached between them with his other hand and freed the throbbing length of himself from his own jeans. He did not push them down yet, too eager to feel her wrapped tightly around him to bother with removing them. Without warning, he removed his fingers and slid the length of himself deeply and fully into her with a single stroke. It left them both breathless, their eyes locked as they both attempted to adjust to the feel of the other. Just the feel of him enter her for the first time had nearly broke the damn on her control.

"Peerrrfect." He managed to whisper, his breath mingling with hers. Their lips were mere inches from touching, but neither of them wanted to break the intimate moment and move just yet. Reluctantly, Pennywise slid back from the heated velvet cavern of her body, only to surge forward in a deeply powerful stroke that had a guttural moan escaping both of them. He wanted to draw the moment out as much as possible, but the feel of her so tight and hot gripping him, was making it virtually impossible.

Both of her hands drifted almost lazily up his spine to grip at his shoulders, nails biting harshly into his skin. Dark blood oozed to the surface and floated in the air, dancing around them in a macabre curtain. Each inward thrust was more powerful than the last. Her breathing had become harsher, more pronounced the deeper he slid into her. When he hit the end of her and could go no further, she screamed, but it wasn't from pain. Pennywise rocked his hips, still sheathed inside of her and felt her body clamp so tightly around him that for a moment, he thought she had hit her peak.

"If I had known it would have felt like this, I would have taken you that first night when I Marked you." He managed to breathe out in a harsh whisper. Between one moment and the next, he felt her unravel around him, clencing him so tight that he saw stars. One rock of his hips. Two, three, and on the forth, Pennywise exploded with a harsh growl, following behind her in rapture. His eyes locked with hers as he emptied himself as deep inside of her as he could, watching as she seemed to even gain pleasure from feeling him release within her

body. Her arms hung limply around him. Sweat clung to both of them despite the damp chill of the underground.

"If I had known it was going to be like that, I would have called you to me sooner." Amanda managed to breathe out, even as her body continued to tremble around his in subtle aftershocks.

His unpredictability reared its head when he suddenly spun her around. He gripped her hips and shifted her body so that she was on her hands and knees before him. Still rock hard and craving the feel of her, he slid into her from behind without warning. This time, she screamed, her voice echoing throughout the cavernous room.

"I told you that you would scream." He growled into her ear. His chest was pressed against her back. His right arm encircled her waist while the left trailed up the front of her body to grip lightly at her throat. His fingers curled around her neck, but rested there, not putting any real pressure. This position enabled him to hold her close and still manage to penetrate her deeply. The hand that rested against her waist shifted down between her legs, the tip of his middle finger seeking out and circling that small bundle of nerves that would undoubtedly be her undoing. The stroke of his finger matched the powerful deep stroke of his erection and he felt her body tremble beneath him. His pace quickened, surging deeper and harder with each stroke until Amanda was a quivering, moaning mass in his arms.

"I want to hear you, Amanda." He whispered against the lobe of her ear, teeth nipping at the flesh. The hand that had been stroking her moved, shifting over to the Mark, his Mark that permanently marred the inside of her right thigh. His claws scraped lightly over the wound. It was as if that contact with that Mark shattered her control. She came apart with a shout and pitched forward with the force of her release, only barely managing to catch herself with her hands in the nick of time.

With a shout of his own and a final thrust, Pennywise burried himself as deep inside of her as he could and remained there, locked in her clenching body as he filled her completely. With a groan, they both collapsed in a heap of tangled limbs. He pillowed her head with his arm, spooning her smaller frame with his much taller one. She felt his fingertips lightly trail over the dip in her waist, caressing a soothing

pattern against her skin.

"You will begin to notice changes in the next few days." He reminded her, dropping a rather tender kiss to her wounded shoulder. "After the third day, we must finish the Binding."

"Mmm." She mumbled softly. "I am certainly looking forward to that one."

## 7. Chapter 7

**Author's Note:** And another for you guys. Enjoy!

**Theme Song:** *Prince - When Doves Cry*

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7

Pennywise stood at the end of the street. A half smoked cigarette smouldering at the corner of his mouth as he watched the house that Amanda had rented. His human facade was quickly becoming another favorite for him and he was using it now. The sun had set a few hours ago, and he had left her sleeping on a fairly clean mattress in his underground safe haven. She had looked so beautiful, so peaceful that he hadn't wanted to wake her. She hadn't gotten much sleep the past couple of days. She would need her strength for the changes that would be coming soon. It was going to be a painful enough experience for her.

Rain had begun to fall in thick sheets, nearly making visibility limited, but he could see quite clearly. The front door had been kicked open and hung on spintered hinges. The wind that had begun to pick up made it sway back and forth, creaking ominously. His keen gaze watched for any sign of movement. Faint shadows could be seen in the upstairs window.

*Her room.*

Lips pulling back from his teeth in a mocking snarl, he tossed the butt of the cigarette into a puddle, seemingly vanishing into thin air.

The Clown materialized in the quaint living room. The human facade having been forgotten for the time being as his anger surfaced. White gloved hands held strings to a small bouquet of red balloons as he all but silently skilled into the kitchen. One of the men that had broken into the house was rumaging through the drawers of the kitchen. Whatever he was searching for, he was completely focused on and paid no attention to the fact that a seven foot Clown stood creepily behind him, very nearly within touching distance.

"Hello, Robert." Pennywise crooned in his high-pitched, child-like voice. "Would you like a balloon?"

The man whipped around, dropping the drawer he had pulled out from beneath the counter. Kitchen utensils scattered along the floor with a clang.

"You.." The Cultist accused, fear spiking enticingly.

The Clown breathed deep and grinned. He, surprisingly, no longer felt the urge to sedate his hunger on the children he had preyed upon for centuries. No, he wanted these Cultists. They were after him, as well as something that had quickly become most precious to him. Without warning, his hand shot out and forcefully gripped the front of Robert's throat, gloved fingers cracking and lengthening as lethal claws sprouted and dug into yielding human flesh.

"Yes. It is I. Pennywise the *Dancing Clown*." He continued to mock with a shake of his head and a jingle of bells. "You have been a very *naughty* boy, Robert, trying to take what is *mine*." He let go of the balloons with his other hand and they simply floated in the air as if held by unseen hands. With that hand now free, he reached up and tauntingly petted the side of the other man's face. "You will all float. You will decorate our kingdom and I will gladly watch as she *feasts* on your flesssshh."

The sharp nail of his thumb sliced across the man's throat, cleanly cutting flesh like a sharp knife through butter. Blood spilled, gushing like a waterfall over the front of the Cultist and the Clown. Pennywise's mouth unhinged, opening wide like a snake to devour its prey. His rows of sharp teeth latched over the wound, enabling the fear tinged blood to pour into his awaiting throat. A deep shudder rolled through him as he fed. It tasted so much better, but the taste of her was his preferred choice. While fear was like a hearty meal, she was the sweet tasting dessert that followed.

He let the man drop like a rag doll at his feet. The sound of the body hitting the floor made a dull thump.

"Robert?" The other man called down from the bedroom he had been ransacking. "Hurry up down there, man. We still have the rest of the

house to scope out."

The Clown growled lowly in his throat, his demonic gaze shifting up towards the direction of the stairs. The thought of him going through Amanda's personal things caused him to see red. They did not deserve to touching anything that belonged to her. Like he had on the street, Pennywise disappeared with that familiar jingle of bells. He rematerialized behind the other man as he was pawing through the dresser drawer that contained her underwear. With a growl, the Clown grabbed the man by the back of his skull and slammed his face directly against the wall. There was a loud crack as his chest smacked against the dresser, quite possibly breaking a few ribs in the process.

"You do not deserve to touch *her* thingsss." He hissed in the man's ear. Eyes shifting black in rage.

"She is nothing to you, Clown, but the instrument of your destruction." The man gritted through clenched teeth, pain making his knees tremble.

"Oh? And how do you know what *she* is to *me*?" He taunted, pressing harder against the back of his skull.

"She is the key."

"They key for what, Denniss?"

"I don't know. It was written in the Prophecy."

Pennywise quirked a brow. "Really now? Do tell me more."

"The Prophecy states that her blood is the key to your destruction. That she must be bound to the Cult of Chud to rid the world of your influence."

Pennywise laughed. It was a taunting, mocking laughter that shook Dennis to the core. His fear spiked when he was whipped around the face the sinister looking Clown.

"I hardly think she will be bound to your precious Cult, Dennis. She is ***mine*** now." Without elaborating on the matter further, his mouth cracked open, splitting wide as bright lights glowed from deep down

inside of his throat. Dennis' eyes locked onto those lights and refused to move. The clouded over, turning a milky white as his body paralyzed, completely immobile.

"Let us see how she enjoys my gift."

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She awoke to excruciating *pain*. Her veins were on *fire*, burning like lava. The fire continued to burn, moving up along the back of her skull. Even her eyes hurt like hell. She sat up, only to pitch to the side as the world swayed around her. She couldn't see, couldn't smell. Couldn't *hear*. Everything was enveloped in darkness.

*Easy, Preciousss*. Pennywise hissed in her mind. She felt his arms come around her, holding her against the warmth of him. He sat on the ground beside the mattress, cradling her naked body against his. The facade of the Clown had yet to fade and he was still covered in blood. Her mind had reached out to him so strongly that it had called him back here. He had sensed her pain and much to his amazement, there had been absolutely *no fear*.

*It will pass*. He assured her. He felt her begin to tremble as her core temperature dropped from its high spike. He pulled the blanket off of the mattress and wrapped them both in it.

*It is like I am on fire, but encased in ice*. She replied, unable to speak the words out loud.

*It is your body changing. Accommodating the fuse of energy. You will be able to feed on fear, communicate with me telepathically, and even manipulate objects to some degree. You will be able to assume some forms, but not all. You may only be able to shift into humanoid figures, I do not know for certain, but once you have regained your strength, we will test them.*

Amanda curled into him, seeking comfort and safety in his embrace.

*Once you are settled, I have a gift for you.*

*A gift?* She inquired, finally peeling her eyes open. When they didn't hurt, she assumed it was safe. However, when the blur faded from

her vision, her senses were assaulted by the intense details and *colors*.

"Jesus, God." She croaked out, rubbing at her eyes with her hands.

The Clown chuckled softly. "You will get used to it. It is unsettling at first, the intensity of sight, sound and touch."

"Wait, touch?"

Pennywise snorted faintly. "Oh yes. Even touch is a thousand times more sensitive." He was not surprised when he caught the scent of her arousal spike. "Mmm. Tasty, tasty beautiful *desire*."

This time, it was her turn to snort faintly. "I don't think I am up for any of that right now, Pennywise."

"In due time, Preciousss. The changes should taper down in a couple of days. By the tail end of it, the Binding should be finished. Once that is complete, you will begin to feel like yourself again. Until then, you must remain here. You will be vulnerable. Not weak, but your abilities will be unstable. I do not wish to see you harmed by this Cult."

"Oh, don't worry. I am not going anywhere. I don't think I have the energy to even move."

"And if you did?" He purred softly, nuzzling his blood stained mouth against her temple.

"We wouldn't be just sitting here."



## 8. Chapter 8

**Author's Note:** It seems Dark Desire is getting away from me. What had started out as a one-shot deal, has now become a multi-chapter story with no sign of stopping anytime soon. Sadly though, my other IT fan-fic is sorely lacking in the inspiration department. Oh well, one step at a time! Here is yet another chapter for you lovely ladies and gents. Enjoy! (**MORE LEMONS!**)

**Theme Song:** *In Flames - Leeches*

*It burns*

*It rips*

*It hurts*

*They made you believe*

*Your turn*

*The chance of a lifetime*

*How does it feel to be alive*

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### 8

Time had seemed to blur by. One day bled into the next. She did not know up from down, nor day from night. She had clawed at her skin, raking her sharp nails down her arms and legs in an attempt to ease the boiling burn that threatened to drive her mad. She had watched in awe as her own blood; now darker in hue, had started trickling down her flesh, then had begun to float in the air as if gravity was no longer an issue. She had poked at a drop in amusement, watching as it's form shifted like a lava lamp. Her hair hung in a dirty mat of tangled curls. Leaves, dust and blood clung to her in patches. The burning in her veins had finally subsided. Her limbs still felt weak, shaky, but she carefully stood using a stack of old wooden crates for support. Pennywise's gift to her now floated towards the large grate above the macabre tower of collected items, moving gracefully as if

he was underwater. As strange as it was to receive a person as a gift, it had touched her deeply. He had been one of the Cultists that had broken into her home and had threatened her way of life. It seemed only fitting that he now decorated this place.

Pennywise, in his human guise she had taken to calling "*Bill*" - mostly due to the fact he was a mirror image of Bill Skasgard - returned from his above ground venture. He moved swiftly towards her when he noticed that she was attempting to stand. Before he could reach her, however, she waved him off with a faintly gesture of her hand. Her determination and strength still amazed him. There was no doubt now about her survive the final Binding. Tonight was the night and he wanted it to be perfect, or at least as perfect as he could manage. Unsure of what to do now that she did not need his help, he ran a black leather gloved hand nervously through short, slicked back brown hair. He tugged at it lightly before dropping his hand back down to his side with a grunt.

"I am not fragile, Pennywise. I am going to be fine." She told him for the hundredth time that day. Her tone remained amused despite the several attempts at him hovering around her like a mother hen.

"I know but I am unsure of what to do." He sounded so lost.

Amanda smiled and chuckled softly. "I know." It was sort of humbling to see the frightful Pennywise seem so compassionate.

He growled lowly in warning, obviously catching her train of thought rather easily. He had been touching her mind non-stop these past few days and would often catch when her thoughts shifted.

"I am *not* compassionate."

"You are only when it comes to me, perhaps."

"Hmm." His lips pulled back from his teeth with another growl, but they both knew she was right. He was an entity known for great unspeakable horrors and yet, with her, he had been reduced to a giant squishy teddy bear. With fangs.

"I am in desperate need of a shower, or bath. Anything at this point."

He moved towards her and took her dirty, blood caked hand in his. "Then come. There is a fresh water drain nearby. It will be cold, but it is clean."

"I'll take it. And clothes would be welcome."

He frowned faintly. "You won't need them."

"I am not going around naked all the time, Pennywise."

He sighed softly. "A shame. I would rather enjoy it if you did."

"I am sure you would." She replied with a chuckle.

He led her down a small series of interconnecting tunnels. Taking a left, it opened up into a sizable chamber. Smaller than the main one they inhabited, but still large enough to make one wonder just exactly how large this system was. Lined up along the circular room were fresh water spouts, pouring down into small pools. They reminded her of water fountains in a garden. With a cry of joy, she all but ran to one and immediately clambered beneath the clean water. The temperature of it didn't faze her, not with her desire to scrub herself clean. He watched, entertained as she blissfully used her nails to scrub dirt and other grime from her skin. Unable to help himself, Pennywise willed his clothes away with a simple thought and joined her. He had not been able to touch her for two days and it had begun to grate on his nerves. Reaching out, he gripped her hips and turned her to face him.

"Lean back, Preciousss." He purred softly. When she tilted her head back directly beneath the spout, he ran his hands through the cool, damp curls, combing out the dirt and leaves that had settled there. It was her turn to purr delightfully as his claws massaged her scalp. Leaning forward, he let his lips trail up along the front of her throat. He was instantly rewarded when the scent of her spiked. Desire snaked it's way along his spine just as he knew it did hers. The call of their connection was growing. He could feel her energy almost fully fused with his.

When he was satisfied that everything had been removed from her hair, he moved to the rest of her. He inspected every inch to ensure

all her wounds were healed and every bit of evidence of her change was gone. Once she was clean, he grabbed a hold of her hips once more and lifted her with ease.

"Wrap your legs around me." He whispered softly against her lips, his words coming out like a growl. When she locked them around his waist, he sheathed himself deep inside of her in a single, powerful stroke that left them breathless.

"You weren't kidding about a heightened sense of touch." She commented as she slid her arms around his neck. His lips continued to burn a path of fire along her throat, drifting down to the mark that had begun to scar near her shoulder. Her nails dug into the flesh of his shoulders when his teeth scraped teasingly over her skin. Her last word turned into a gasp when he bit down, teeth piercing the healing wounds and drawing her blood to the surface. He felt her clench tightly around him, amused that she gained pleasure from such a thing.

He felt her lips move along the side of his neck, his own breath coming out in a long sigh. With one of his sharp claws, he drew his symbol directly onto the curve of her shoulder in the center of the wounds he had created during the Tasting. There was a nearly audible click as the last piece of the puzzle snapped into place. She would be safe now. With a snarl, Pennywise pinned her to the cold stone wall beside the spout. His hands took a hold of her wrists and pinned her arms on either side of her, preventing her from moving them.

"I will not hold back, Amanda." He growled out through clenched teeth, waiting. He was drawing out the moment as much as he could, simply enjoying the feel of being buried deep inside of the warmth of her.

"Don't." She whispered harshly, her gaze searching his. "I will not break."

He stared into her shifting gaze one last time before his mouth claimed hers, devouring her. He took her at her word and slid the length of himself out of her only to snap his hips forward and slam himself hilt deep. She cried out and it certainly wasn't from pain. Her

fingers twitched, flexing tightly to form fists. Her own nails bit into her palms, creating bloody lines that immediately began to float in the air. The pace continued, each stroke powerful, deep and rough. Amanda felt her back scrape against the stone, but she didn't care. The pleasure that consumed her was far too powerful to even be concerned about any kind of pain. She felt every hot inch of him slip into her with ease, fitting her so perfectly that in that moment she was nearly a hundred percent certain she had been made to fit him.

"Look at me." Pennywise growled when he notice her eyes unfocused and beginning to close. When they locked back onto his, he hissed inhumanly in rapture. Her dark gaze had changed, bleeding to the same demonic yellow as his. His hands released her wrist. His fingers moved, sliding between the spaces of hers and interlacing them together. He kept her arms pinned up beside her, but the intimacy of holding her hands was not lost on either of them. Not even as his thrusts increased in frequency. Their breathing became harsher, mingling between them. The sound of flesh hitting flesh seemed to echo off the walls and it only added fuel to the already consuming fire.

"Harder." She managed to push out between one breath and the next. She watched as his gaze refocused on hers as what she had requested of him finally sank in. A grin of pure sinister malice flashed across his face and it only caused her to tighten around him further. He took her at her word, sliding into her faster, harder and move powerful than he had before. The sound of their breathing quickened, synchronizing perfectly so that when one of them breathed out, the other breathed in. When her vision began to unfocus, she felt him release one of her hands and reach up to tangle his fingers at the back of her neck. Claws dug into flesh but not enough to break it, only enough to cause her to refocus on his eyes.

Words of some guttural language passed his lips. She did not understand them, but she knew that they were some kind of binding chat, some form of ritual that would seal that final step into place. It was as if those words were the key to the lock on her pleasure for once the last word was uttered, she came apart at the seams. Her body clenched tightly around him, her back arching off of the wall but despite the intensity of it, her gaze remained on his. One deep

thrust into her, followed by a second, a third, and finally on the forth, he followed her over the edge. He nearly dropped to his knees when he felt her shatter around him in a second, more powerful release that followed directly behind her first.

"The Binding is complete." He whispered softly, tasting her lips in a surprisingly tender kiss. "It is more binding than any human ceremony or terms can comprehend."

"So that means we are what, married?"

Pennywise snorted faintly. "That is what humans refer to it as. But it is infinitely more lasting than that. Humans can dissolve the marriage. The Binding can not be so easily eradicated. So yes, in essence, I suppose we are."

## 9. Chapter 9

**Author's Note:** Bare with me in the shortness of this Chapter. It is a small filler with some Lemony goodness. I promise I will make it up to you guys soon. Didn't really have too much time to work on it today. However I am going to see IT again; for the third time, and will more than likely have some creative...juices flowing...\*cough\* Anywho, enjoy!

**Theme Song:** *Slipknot - Devil in I*

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### 9

"Sir!" The red robed woman came barreling into the room, panting and nearly out of breath.

"Easy, Penelope. Collect yourself." The man behind the large oak desk stated without so much as glancing up from the paperwork spread out on the gleaming wooden surface before him. The desk had been left behind when this old building had been abandoned. It had served as a former Catholic church and was now home to the Cult of Chud, at the very least, their particular sect. Their sect dedicated themselves to the elimination of evil, more specifically, the energy based form that had inhabited this earth millions of years ago. The one who had taken to calling itself Pennywise. The Cult had kept track of IT's activities. They had files of the children IT had preyed upon, the major events that were the beginning catalyst of IT's waking cycle.

"Thank you, sir." The woman took a moment to regain her breathing, having run up the grand staircase all the way from the ground floor three flights below. Penelope was not a very active woman, despite her young age. She was soft, round and growing increasingly over weight as the years passed.

"Now, what seems to be the problem, my dear?" He inquired, sitting back in the high-backed cushioned leather chair. He steeped his fingers in front of him as he waited for her explanation as to why she had interrupted him. Victor Sterling was not a man who tolerated interruptions unless it was of the utmost importance. He was an

imposing man in his early forties, tall with prominent features that were both handsome and villainous at the same time. He had always reminded Penelope of a typical movie bad guy hell bent on satisfying his own agenda.

"Neither Dennis nor Robert reported in. They are always very punctual. It has been nearly three days since we have heard from either of them. Last known report was from Robert saying that they had found her and were going to make contact."

Victor's brow frowned, perfect black brows settling over steel blue eyes that were as cold as ice.

"Where were they exactly?"

"Derry Maine." She replied. "There had been thousands of reports of missing children over the past hundred years but no major reports were ever filed on any social media outlets."

"Suspicious."

"Yes, that was what they thought as well. They left several weeks ago for Derry and have checked in like clock work until three days ago. Their last due check in was yesterday."

His fingers remained steepled in front of him in thought as he started off into space.

"Alright. Send the next available unit to Derry. Ensure that they remain in teams of two and maintain radio contact among themselves. Anything suspicious, they are to report back here immediately. If IT has bound this woman to him, then the world may very well be lost."

"This Prophecy that the Book speaks of, is it true? Will she truly bring about IT's destruction?"

"If all goes according to plan, then yes. Her blood is the key." He paused for a moment, dismissing Penelope from his office. The woman promptly bowed once, and closed the door shut behind her with a nearly silent click.



"And I *will* have her."

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Amanda shifted in her sleep, positioning each arm more comfortably beneath her head as she stretched out onto her stomach. Pennywise lay beside her, a finger trailing tantalizingly up and down along the length of her spine. On the return path back up, he splayed his hand against her skin, marveling at the softness of it. He leaned towards her and pressed a kiss against her marked shoulder, now etched with a permanent brand of his teeth and his symbol, mirroring the same that was tattooed on the inside of her right thigh. She was his now, fully, completely. The Cult of Chud would not be able to bind her to them. And if they tried, they were in for a very rude awakening. She would rule this kingdom beside him as his queen, his wife and his equal. The mere idea of even calling her his wife sent a thrill down his spine and straight to his loins.

With a grin, he trailed his tongue up from the dip in her lower spine, taking his time as he moved upward along the length of it. When he moved to her shoulder blades and up to the sensitive area of the back of her neck, he felt her stir beneath him. He was rewarded with a fully body shudder and he took that moment to slip the length of himself deep inside of her. He took it slow, savoring every inch of velvety heat that enveloped him. His hands moved over her hips, caressingly slowly up her sides and tracing the contours of her ribs. He slid his arms beneath her, curling them around her as he sheathed himself to the hilt into her. The intimacy of the position was not lost on either of them, even as sleep still clung to her.

Her lips parted in a groan, her body clenching tightly around Pennywise, almost unwilling to allow him to move. Taking a moment to simply feel the connection of their energy as well as their bodies, they both let out a sighing breath before they began to move in unison. Each shift of their hips was deliberately slow, drawing out the euphoria that was already beginning to build in an intense rush. She felt him nuzzle the back of her neck, teeth scraping playfully against her skin.

"I can not seem to get enough of you, Precioussss." He hissed softly against her. He felt a rush of lava run through his veins when she moaned enticingly. Her fingers dug into the mattress, sharp nails

threatening to rip the fabric and spew stuffing and springs everywhere. Each deep stroke and rock of their hips was bringing her quickly closer to her peak. She could feel it flooding her veins with pleasure.

"I crave your scent. Your touch. The feel of you wrapped so tightly around me." He shifted his arms, his hands engulfing hers that still clung to the mattress. His large fingers slid between the smaller spaces of her digits, increasing the intimacy of the position even further.

***I love you.***

Those words that were whispered in her mind caused her body to tighten around the width of him. She was almost certain she hadn't heard them at all, or had imagined them.

"Say that again." She whispered softly, her fingers tightening their hold on his.

"I love you, Preciousss." He growled lowly in her ear. It was almost as if those words held the leash to her rapture for as soon as they were spoken, she came apart with a shout, clenching around his erection tighter than she had before. He followed behind her with a guttural growl that seemed to echo off the stone walls.

***And I love you.*** She replied in his thoughts, a smile tugging at a single corner of her lips. It was so very humbling to know that he loved her. A creature who had existed for no other reason than to feed, to consume. And now, he was consumed with her. She still found it almost strange that he cared for her this much and in such a short amount of time, but their bond did not enable them to keep secrets from each other. He knew her far better than anyone ever had, hell he probably knew her better than she even knew herself.

"We must prepare." He stated softly, not quite willing to move from the heat of her just yet. "The Cult will send others and soon. We must ensure that you will be able to fend for yourself should the need arise. It is time for your lessons to begin."

## 10. Chapter 10

**Author's Note:** Went and saw IT. Again. For the third time. And I am now starting to watch Hemlocks Grove. I am hooked on Skasgard! I think he is extremely talented. And sexy. ;3 That being said, I do not own anything apart of the ITdom. I only own Amanda since she is in essence myself. Enjoy!

**Kehlani - Gangsta**

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10

### ***Lesson One: Probbing of Minds***

Amanda stood beside Pennywise in all his Clown glory. It was a slightly odd sight to see a petite woman of five foot one next to a nearly seven foot tall, sinister looking clown. What was even stranger was that they were holding hands. The fingertips intertwined. He had taken some of her clothes from her house as well as other essentials she might need. Like her laptop. She still had stories to write after all.

She had dressed herself in form hugging black leggings and a simple grey sweatshirt and running shoes. She had not decided if she was going to assume a particular image for hunting her prey. She supposed it would be easier to gain trust in order to break it down to rip out their fears. For now, she had to learn to seek out that fear in the minds of others. She had already proven a powerful telepathic ability by communicating with him so easily in his thoughts. If she could sense his emotions that quickly, the rest should certainly prove no challenge for her.

***Are you ready?*** He inquired, tilting his head in her direction briefly. His yellow eyes roaming over her face with an expression that was both proud and loving before it darkened to that sinister look he got when hunting prey. Would he go back to feeding off of children or had his tastes changed? Something that he would have to find out and soon. They were both going to need all the strength and energy they could gather if this Cult was going to keep coming for them. He would not be able to protect her constantly as much as he might want

to. He thought it best if he taught her all he knew so that she would be able to take care of herself. Briefly, his fingers tightened their hold on hers and he brought her hand up to his mouth, placing a chaste kiss against the back of her knuckles.

**Yes.** She replied within his thoughts, a bold of desire tingling down her spine when his lips came in contact with her skin. She heard him breath in and growl. If they kept this up, there would be **no** lessons. With a snort, she shoved the large clown playfully away from her who gave an amused chuckle.

"Don't distract me, Pennywise. It wouldn't be very productive."

"Oh, it would be **very** productive, just not in what we came out here to accomplish." He replied with a grin. He took a hold of her hand once more and spun her in a graceful move that would have made the most accomplished of dancers jealous. He placed her in front of him, her back to his chest. His left gloved hand settled on her left hip while the other instinctively and lazily drifted over the mark on the inside of her right thigh that they both knew was just beneath the material of her leggings.

"Now, in order to probe one's mind, you must be open." He whispered against her left ear, lips just barely brushing over the lobe. He leaned forward, breathing in the scent of her that beat strong against the pulse of her neck. "You must clear your mind of all other thoughts, including your own. " His lips shifted down from her ear and over that throbbing pulse. "Close your eyes, Preciousss."

Amanda took a deep breath, hoping to calm her heart and her mind of the racing that his close proximity seemed to invoke in her. After a few moments, she barely felt the scalding brush of his lips, or the searing brand of his hands. She pushed aside any distraction, forcing any thoughts that she had stored, out of her head. That was when she felt it, the first tug of a mind that was most certainly not her own.

***Why was I even elected to come to this shit hole of a town?***

The question came in the form of a man. A dark figure that was currently making his way down the rain drenched streets, hunched in on himself against the cold pelts of rain. It didn't show any signs of

letting up and had started sometime the day before. Would this be another flood like it had back in the fifties? He certainly hoped not. The Cult would have to keep their eye on the weather patterns here.

"He's part of the Cult." She whispered softly, her gaze snapping open. "However, he did not come alone. There are five others." Already, her mind was automatically shuffling through this man's, zeroing in on his fears. A grin of pride passed across Pennywise before he tilted his head faintly to one side.

"A trap?" He crooned, brushing his lips lightly across her temple.

"More than likely. It seems as though he is purposely shifting his thoughts, using them like pawns on a chess board."

"Then perhaps we should stay a step ahead of the game."

She turned to glance over her shoulder at him. "What do you purpose?"

"Still willing to be bait, Preciousss?"

She arched a brow, silently wondering why he was now agreeing to such a thing when he had vehemently been against it the first time.

"You are stronger now. These six pose no real danger to us. They are merely a scouting unit, sent to report back their findings, nothing more. I think they would make good additions to our throne."

Amanda nodded once. Already she could feel the tell-tale burn in her veins. There was a sound like snapping twigs at the bones within her body began to shift, contorting to accommodate a new form. Her height grew until she was nearly eye level with Pennywise. A deep howl arose from her throat as her face lengthened.

The Clown laughed with glee, a nearly manic sound of delight as he glimpsed the large female Werewolf that stood in front of him. He practically danced in place, clapping with sadistic amusement. She hadn't needed his help on her first Shift. It pleased him to know that she was as strong as he had hoped she would be. She was damn near close to his power level and with more practice she would be his equal.

"Absolutely lovely, Preciousss. Shall we play with Nicholas?" He offered with a gentlemanly sweep of his arm and an elegant bow.

Nicholas *hated* the rain. He *hated* practically everything about this God forsaken New England town. He missed the nearly oppressive heat of the south. He had grown up in bayou country. Creole was in his blood. This was damn near freezing rain, something he was most certainly not used to. He still didn't understand why Sterling had sent him here. Especially with the five other goons that were all brawn and no brains. There were hardly a dozen brain cells split between the five jocks. He supposed they were more for muscle than anything else.

As he walked, he kept his head down against the driving, cold rain. His hands were stuffed deep into the pockets of his coat, collar turned up like an old fashioned gangster. A noise to his right caught his attention. He stopped moving and shifted his gaze towards the trees that lined the side of the road near the Barrens. He began to brush it off as the rain shifted tree branches but when there was a loud crack and a snap, the hairs on the back of his neck stood to attention. A low, rumbling growl only made it worse and he knew that he wasn't alone. He immediately turned around and almost screamed as he came nearly face to face with a large, lanky and creepy looking clown.

"Hello, *Nicholas*. Would you like a balloon?" It asked in a child-like voice. It's eyes were a very eerie shade of yellow, the left eye just slightly off kilter. In it's white gloved hands, it held nearly two dozen red balloons that barely moved, even with the increasing whip of the wind. It was as if nature itself didn't phase them.

"W-who are you?" He inquired, taking a small step back.

"Why, I am Pennywise the Dancing Clown. Nicholas meet Pennywise, Pennywise meet Nicholas. Yes." When it looked as though the man was ready to bolt, the clown stopped him. "I wouldn't run if I were you. She **so** does love a chase."

"She?" Nicholas asked, momentarily confused but that was soon sedated as he felt hot acrid breath beating against the back of his neck. His fear spiked. Something large stood behind him, if the

indication of where that breath hit was any hint. Slowly, he turned away from the Clown to face whatever it was that stood behind him. For a moment, he thought his eyes were playing tricks on him. He thought that perhaps he had fallen asleep somewhere and was stuck in a nightmareish dreamscape. But now, the creature that stood before him was very real. It towered over him by a good six inches, standing on two legs that were bent at the wrong angle. It was a black as the shadows that surrounded it, but he could see the definition of muscle and coarse fur that covered it. Large limbs were tipped in lethal claws that could render flesh to ribbons. It's muzzle was open, barely able to contain an array of large sharp teeth that appeared as if it could easily crush bone in a single bite. It's eyes were black, but ringed with a thin circle of red.

"W-ha-wha-t..."

"**W-ha-wha-t..**" Pennywise taunted, manic laughter following as he danced around Nicholas with glee. "That is my most Preciouss." He hissed, leaning down as he circled Nicholas so that his mouth was close to the other man's ear. "And she is **mighty** hungry."

With a shout the man launched himself away from the strange duo. He slipped in the rain and landed square on his backside. He back peddled, crab walking on his hands in his haste to put as much distance between himself and them as quickly as possible. He didn't get very far before "she" tipped forward onto all fours, a vicious snarl rumbling from thin black lips as drool dripped down it's chin to join the rain flooding the ground. This creature resembled a Werewolf, but it's wasn't. This was a Hellhound, Nicholas was almost certain of it. And the Clown was the Devil himself.

"Preciouss." Was all the Clown said. Then, without warning, the large beast launched itself at the man.

Screams echoed through the oppressive silence of Derry and although it's citizens heard them, they paid them no heed as they continued about their lives as if nothing had happened at all.

## 11. Chapter 11

**Author's Note:** Keep up the reviews, follows, and favorites coming ladies and gents! Love you all! 3 Bit short, but had the scene in my head and had to get it out. Will have even more fun in the next chapter. Enjoy!

**Theme song:** *In This Moment - Beast Within*

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### 11

"Oh God!" A shrill feminine voice through the howl of the wind and the whipping rain. A large storm had blown in from seemingly nowhere, blanketing Derry in harsh conditions that made for poor visibility. "Help me!"

Greg; all six foot two of his muscle bound form, had heard her, even over the high volume of the television. He had been able to rent the three bedroom home last minute thanks to Sterling's connections. He wasn't sure how the man got his money, but he was grateful. Having heard the screams, he jumped off of the couch, socks sliding against the wood floor in his haste to get to the front door. He whipped the front door open just as the small shadow of a woman collapsed onto the front porch in a soaking wet heap.

"Oh God, please help me!" Her voice quivered with fear as she heaved in deep breaths. She was drenched to the bone, dripping sheets of water down her face. Her clothes clung to her petite frame. As he knelt down to help her up, her skin was ice cold and nearly blue.

"Jesus. What happened to you?" He inquired, tucking her much smaller frame beneath his arm as he helped her shaking form into the warmth of the house.

"S-something attacked me. I-I didn't get a good look at it, but I swear to God it was dressed like a clown."

Despite Greg's lack of brain cells, alarm bells started ringing in his head.



"Ray! Get your ass down here!" At his loud bellow, curses and a large crash could be heard from upstairs. Within seconds, a muscle bound brute nearly came tumbling down the stairs.

"Christ, Greg, what's got your nuts in a twi-" He stopped short when he caught sight of the fragile and soaked woman beneath his friend's arm. "What happened?"

"She said she was attacked by something dressed like a clown."

A look passed between the two that didn't go unnoticed by her as she watched them through the curtain of her drenched black hair. Ray's gaze immediately swept over her and noticed that dark stain that still clung to the side of her sweatshirt.

"Are you hurt, darlin'?"

She nodded her head once. "It got a good swipe at me. I-I think it had claws."

"Let me get the med kit and we will patch you up. With this storm I doubt we would be able to get you to a hospital."

"It's alright. I am not a fan of hospitals." She replied, still trembling.

"I doubt we would have anything that would fit you, but we can certainly try to dig something up." Greg interjected, grabbing a hold of the blanket off of the back of the couch and wrapping it around her. "As soon as I get something for you to wear, we will get you patched up and in a hot shower. That should help ward off the chill."

The woman gave a grateful sigh, a tension in her shoulders easing visibly. "Thank you both so much. I am pretty sure I lost it. I don't think it followed me."

"We will keep a look out anyway, just in case."

She gave a faint nod and pushed the curtain of her hair away from her face. The first thing that struck Greg was the allure of her chocolate brown eyes. They seemed to immediately pull him in. He blushed faintly before dropping his hands from her arms. Without a word he turned and left to gather clothes for her while he let Ray

search for the med kit. It didn't take either of them long, and they both returned almost at the same time. Greg held a pair of thick drawstring sweats and a hooded sweatshirt folded neatly in his arms. Ray held a large black plastic case that he motioned towards her with.

"I used to be a nurse." He stated in a gruff, deep voice as he gestured for her to take a seat at the kitchen table. His arms were nearly twice the size of her head and his ebony skin seemed flawless. His crooked nose didn't take away from his handsome features until he smiled. His teeth were even more crooked, a slight gap in the center of the lower row causing a slight whistle when he talked.

She let the towel flutter to one side and lifted the side of her soaked sweatshirt with the deepening stain. Four large gashes, deep and oozing had been slashed down from her ribs and stopped just short of touching her navel.

"Good Lord, woman. Are you sure you weren't mauled by an animal?"

She nodded faintly. "They look worse than they are. I think they ripped some when I vaulted the fence."

"How long have you been runnin'?"

Her brow frowned in thought. "I-I'm not sure. A mile, maybe more."

"In this weather? You're lucky."

"More than you know." There seemed to be an ominous meaning to her words, but neither he nor Greg grasped it. She turned her gaze towards the other man, noting his blue eyes had been glued to the wound at her side and hadn't moved. He had turned deathly pale, whiter than he already was. It seemed that this man did not like the sight of blood, or perhaps it was the sight of the wounds that made him nearly green.

"Greg." Ray warned, his voice clinical as his nursing instincts took over. "Why don't you make the lady some tea, or coffee?"

"Coffee sounds heavenly right now." She admitted with another drop of tension in her body. All that running must have worn her out.

"Yeah." Greg mumbled, running a large hand through his short cropped blonde hair before turning away from the grisly scene and starting preparations for the coffee. Within minutes, the scent of it drifted through the air.

"He doesn't like the sight of blood, does he?"

Ray glanced up at her as she swabed her wound with alcohol. She hissed through her teeth at the sting, but otherwise made no other sound.

"Not really, no. He is a war vet. Served in Afganistan. He has been through enough horrors."

"I can only imagine." She replied, watching the large man move with surprising grace and skill.

"Good news is you won't need stitches."

"Oh thank God. I don't know if I could have sat through that without pain meds."

He snorted faintly. "I don't know about that, chickie. You seem tough to me."

She smiled faintly, tucking her damp hair behind her ear as a blush threatened to creep up the back of her neck.

"When you go through what I just did, it tends to change your perspective and makes you question everything you know in the world."

He nodded once, smearing some kind of funky smelling gel on the wounds before bandaging them securely. "That gel I put on is waterproof. You should be able to shower with no issues, though try to keep the bandages from getting wet if you can."

"Thank you. Both of you." Ray patted her shoulder and began packing the supplies back up into the kit.

"Here. These should somewhat fit you." Greg handed her the bundle of clothes. "The shower is up the stairs first door on the right."

The woman smiled, her fingers gently brushing his as she took the folded stack from him. She watched him blush again before she stood. She draped the blanket over the back of the kitchen chair and made her way up the stairs. Once both men heard the door of the bathroom click shut behind her, they turned to each other.

"IT?" Greg asked softly, making sure his voice was low enough so she wouldn't be able to hear.

"It is possible, though why is IT attacking a woman her age? I thought IT was going after children?"

"IT didn't just strictly go after children. There have been some adults that IT has killed over the centuries." Greg paced away from his friend. "Have you heard from Nicholas?"

Ray shook his head. "Not since earlier this afternoon. He was supposed to check out a couple of reports then meet us here."

"I thought orders were to report here no matter what? Sterling didn't want us to be separated."

"Yeah, but you know Nicholas. The lone wolf."

Upstairs, she stripped out of her wet clothing and left them in a pile on the floor. Almost immediately, she felt arms slip around her waist.

"You are quite the actress, Preciousss." Pennywise crooned in her ear, white gloved hands drifting up her torso to cup her bare breasts, kneading them with his strong fingers. He purred when she arched back, both leaning back into him and shifting towards his touch.

"It's a gift." She replied, her breath hitching as her hardening nipples stiffened further.

"Mmm. Take your shower. We will play with them when you are finished."

"You could join me." She offered, stepping out from the circle of his arms, shooting him a deliciously wicked grin over her shoulder.

He growled lowly. "Don't tempt me, my love. Once these two are

taken care of, I will take you up on that."

"Party pooper." She pouted, turning her back on his amused laughter.

## 12. Chapter 12

**Author's Note:** And another chapter for you guys. I apologize for any typos and what not you may encounter in any of the chapters. Apparently I need new glasses. Lol! Enjoy anyway! 3

**Another Note:** The cover image for this story of the delectable man with the tattoos drinking from a coffee mug. He is a model that I happened to find while browsing. He reminded me of a tattooed version of Bill Skarsgard and I thought would make a very interesting and modern human version of Pennywise. I will more than likely be using that as one of his favorite human forms from now on.

**Theme Song: Marilyn Manson - Blood Honey**

*So, I keep my life a lie*

*I keep my head loose*

*My nose is like a beehive*

*I'm dripping blood honey*

*I've got you tied up, I love it*

*Tied up, I love it*

*Now, why would I set you free?*

*Now, you're tied up, you love it*

*No lies, now, I love it*

*I'm not being mean, I'm just being me*

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## 12

Since the changes had taken place, it was almost as if the cold hardly phased her. For appearances; at least for now, she had to play the game. They both knew that. Surprisingly, Pennywise was proving

patient as he sat on the closed lid of the toilet and waited for her to finish her shower.

### **And it was killing him that he couldn't join her!**

Not that he *couldn't*, but time would be wasted...oh hell, time wouldn't be wasted. It would be *very well* spent, but that was not what they had come here for. They needed to be on their toes, ahead of the game. So far they were pushing these pawns directly where they wanted them and he wanted to keep it that way. However, since the Binding had been complete, he found that he couldn't keep his hands off of her. Every time he glanced at Amanda, he found something that seemed to nip at his craving for her. She had become his drug, his addiction. Dare he say that she had become his obsession? Perhaps, but he had never felt this way about anyone or anything. **Ever**. It was new to him and something he was beginning to embrace wholeheartedly. He felt as though his feelings for her were not a weakness. They were a great strength, a pillar of support he had never had the opportunity to have.

As he watched the shadow of her behind the opaque curtain, he allowed the Clown to melt away. Lately he had become fascinated with her tattoos and had been experimenting with different forms. He favored the human one he had used with her on several occasions and chose to stick with the structure of it. What he had decided to do, was add stark black tattoos that covered the entirety of his right arm, all the way down his fingers. Rich black ink decorated his pale skin. There were even a few that decorated his face. One above his left eye with it's off kilter appearance, another directly at the corner of it. There was even a design at his right temple. The costume of the clown faded as well, replaced by a crisp, black suit. The mousy brown hair was slicked back away from his face. On the middle finger of his right hand was a large steel ring depicted a clown's face, the same face of his more infamous guise. On the pinky of his left hand was a smaller version, one had planned on giving to her shortly.

Pennywise felt his attention shift from his current train of thought back to the shower with the sudden silence. She had turned off the water and was ringing the excess of it out of her hair. She pulled the curtain back and glance his way, stopping in mid motion when she caught sight of his new appearance as he sat so casually on the toilet

lid.

He gave a sinister grin and a deep inhale as he noticed the spike in her arousal. Perhaps he would keep this form after all. He stood gracefully, still towering to the same height. He moved towards her, but there was a predatory motion in his steps, almost as if he was stalking her. He reached down and traced a finger tip over the Nordic dragon tattoo at the top of her left thigh.

"I felt a little left out in the tattoo department."

She snorted faintly. "Well you certainly aren't left out now."

"I noticed you seem to enjoy them better. Your arousal spiked considerably."

Arching a brow, Amanda tilted her head slightly to the right. "I am glad you decided to keep the rest of the structure. I rather enjoy it."

"Oh, I *know* how well you do, Preciousss." Yellow eyes gleamed from an expression that seemed pure evil. It shot another whip of desire down her spine and caused her to shiver visibly. He chuckled softly but reached out behind her to pluck the clean towel off of the curtain rod where she had hung it. He wrapped it around her shoulders, his large hands rubbing up and down her arms. The wound at her ribs was gone, but for appearances, they kept the bandage in place. She would be able to will the injury back with her mind should the need arise. For now she had to reserve that energy for what was to come. He lifted one of his hands, fingers touching her left cheek as he tangled them into the damp strands of her hair. He tilted her head back, his eyes searching hers for a moment before he claimed her mouth with his own. The kiss lasted longer than he had intended and he felt a growl rumble past his lips. Reluctantly, he pulled away, hissing a breath when her teeth scored his lower lip.

"You, my dear, are going to be in trouble when all this is done."

She smirked faintly, the right side of her mouth pulling upwards. "Promises, promises."

With a deeper growl, his fingers tangled in her hair at the back of her



head and pulled her head back so she started up at him fully. His teeth nipped playfully an inch before they came in contact with her lips.

"Do not fucking play games with me, Preciousss. Or I will take you here even *in front* of them." He nuzzled his nose against her throat. "Apparently that doesn't seem to deter you as I had hoped it would." He grumbled, breathing in the musky scent of the flood of her desire that had grown at his words. "You are deviousss."

Amanda snaked her fingers into the open suit jacket. Her nails came in contact with the bare skin beneath his shirt as she slipped her hand beneath it. His muscles quivered deliciously at her touch. She was rewarded when he snarled and grabbed her wrist with his free hand. Suddenly, she felt her back pressed against something cold before she was lifted up and placed onto the edge of the sink. She nearly yelped at the coolness of it against her bare back side.

"You are playing with fire, Amanda. My control is *not* limitless." His lips brushed against her throat as he spoke, fingers now digging into her hips nearly hard enough to bruise.

"Perhaps I want you out of control, Pennywise." She whispered softly.

"Of that I have no doubt and you will get your wish, but we must focus, Preciousss. Though they are human and pose no threat between the two of us, they *must* be stopped."

"I know. But this Cult of Chud will keep coming if we do not get to the source of them. They will keep sending units here for us."

"For *me*. They do not know that we are bound yet. They think you are one of my victims and not of equal ability and power."

"If they come after you, they come after me."

He searched her eyes and found a fire rising in their changing depths. Their brown melted away, shifting to that tell-tale yellow hue he had begun to grow fond of seeing. She had no real idea just how much those words meant to him. He felt himself melt, his expression softening as his lips found hers in a rather chaste and tender kiss. She

was so willing to share everything his existence consisted of. There were no questions of his motives. She accepted him lock, stock and barrel. It was almost humbling. He released his hold on her and helped her down off of the sink.

"Get dressed, love. We have work to do."

## 13. Chapter 13

**Author's Note:** And onto the game. Enjoy!

**Theme Song:** *Kuza - I am the Devil*

*I am the hate that fills your heart*

*I am the thoughts that scar your brain*

*All that these voices make me wanna do is go insane*

*I am the Devil*

*I am the Fallen*

*I am the Evil One*

*I am the Devil*

*I am the Fallen*

*I am the Evil One*

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### 13

Amanda cinched the drawstring of the sweats as tight as they would go, but they still hung loosely on her hips. The zip up hooded sweatshirt was nearly as bad, large enough through the shoulders that if it wasn't zipped up all the way, it would undoubtedly hang off her shoulders. Greg was not nearly as tall as Pennywise, but he was broad and built like a brickhouse. His arms thick and corded with muscle. Too much in her opinion. She carefully rolled the waist of the pants, ensuring that she wouldn't trip over the hem when she walked. She was an entire foot shorter and since her sneakers were soaked, she wasn't about to put them back on.

With a sigh, she ran her fingers through the damp curls of her hair and called it done. Since she had changed, it took less effort and even less product to keep those curls looking perfect. Then again, she was

expending a very small amount of effort in keeping them that way. Pennywise had disappeared for the time being, ensuring that she lured these two jocks into a false sense of security before they toyed with them. They needed information about their sect of the Cult. She tossed her damp towel into the hamper in the corner of the bathroom and returned back downstairs where Ray and Greg waited.

Ray sat at the kitchen table, sipping from a plain white mug of black coffee. Greg was standing at the counter, pouring himself one into a mug depicting some kind of sports team and there were two empty ones beside his. Faintly, she arched a brow, but did not question why there was an extra one. She already knew. She felt the roiling heat of his presence even before he stepped into the room.

"It seems that you aren't the only one with bad luck tonight." Ray stated, setting his cup down onto the table with a very faint click. "This gentleman here was on his way home to his family when he got a flat tire and his car hit a tree. He walked about a mile or two in the downpour. We were the only people with our porch light still on so he took a chance for shelter until the rain passes." She watched him turn to the man in mention and she fought the expression on her face to remain neutral.

Pennywise was just taking a seat directly across from the one she had claimed. His tattooed human guise looking even more sinister compared to the near sunny dispositions of the other two men.

"I am sorry to hear about your car." She stated with a genuine tone of concern. "I hope you weren't hurt?"

"Thankfully not." He replied in a voice that was just slightly huskier than normal, there was a subtle accent that she couldn't quite...

"Your accent, is that Swedish?" She inquired, her head listing lazily to the right.

The left corner of his mouth quirked up in a smirk. "Good ears, Ms.?"

"Rowan" She offered a fake name, extending a hand in his direction. "Rowan Roman. Apparently my folks had a sense of humor."

He snickered softly, taking her much smaller hand in his. The cool metal of the clown faced ring touching her palm. "Bill Godfrey." That same spark jolted between the both of them everytime they touched no matter how small or casual of a physical contact it was.

Greg set a black mug down in front of her.

"I wasn't sure how you take your coffee." He stated, placing out a small bowl of sugar and other assorted condiments. He set the other mug, this one red, down in front of "Bill".

She watched amused as Pennywise loaded his with enough sugar to hype an entire classroom of children while she simply opted for adding a small amount of cream to hers and nothing else.

"This rainstorm is certainly taking it's toll." She stated conversationally as she took a sip of her coffee. Her eyes continued to watch "*Bill*" over the rim. He did the same with her, shooting her a look that was utterly intense as he blatantly stared at her through his lashes. That look sent a shiver down her spine as a poke into his thoughts gave her the mental image of him bending her over the table in front of Ray and Greg. She took in a deep, shaky breath, covering her fluster with a large gulp of coffee.

"I would say. The roads are nearly like swimming pools." Bill replied, setting his cup down by his left elbow. He propped his chin in his hand, intense blue eyes locking on her. "How did you end up here, Rowan?"

"I was attacked." Amanda stated rather simply.

"Attacked? By whom, or what?"

Her gaze snapped into focus on his face. "I didn't get a good look at his face." She replied, playing the part, the game that they had agreed on. "I don't know if the motive was money or something far worse. I didn't stick around to find out either. I took off the second I had an opening."

"You are very brave."

She smiled faintly, allowing a subtle blush to color her cheeks.

Greg cleared his throat. "Since this storm does not show any signs of letting up soon, I would think it best if you both just stayed the night and we can assess the situation in the morning."

She nodded faintly in agreement. "Yeah. I think perhaps that would be best, though I can not speak for Mr. Godfrey."

"Just Bill, please. And I think you are right, Greg. I doubt a tow truck would be willing to come out in this mess, no matter how much I bribe them with."

"I would gladly post up on the couch so one of you can take my room." Ray offered, draining the last of his coffee.

"This is your home. I can not let either of you give up your comforts for me. I have no problem sleeping on the couch." She replied. "There have been worse places where I have slept, believe me."

"There are three bedrooms here, but the other room belongs to our friend Nicholas whom we have not heard from since before the storm."

"I am sorry to hear that. Perhaps he too found shelter somewhere?" Bill suggested.

"We will find out in the morning."

"I would gladly take the floor in the living room. A blanket and a pillow is all I need." He stated, casting a glance towards Amanda out of the corner of his eye.

"Did you call your wife to let her know what had happened?" Ray asked, seeming genuinely concerned.

"Oh, she knows." There was a sly grin that flicked across his mouth before he schooled his expression into a more serious one.

"You are married, Bill?" She inquired, this time it was her turn to prop her chin in her hand.

"*Happily* so, yes."

"*She* is a lucky woman."

"Actually, *I* am the lucky one."

"Hmm. Any children?"

"Not yet." Again a sly grin passed across his face.

"I am sure there is still plenty of time for that."

"Absolutely."

"Do you two know each other?" Greg interrupted, sensing some kind of familiarity between Bill and Rowan. They both turned to him at nearly the exact same time.

"No." They answered in unison, their voices seeming to blend as one. It reminded him of one of those horror movies that spoke of demons and how they seemed to speak with a thousand voices all at once, echoing eerily. Now Greg was not a very smart man. He had common sense, but not much by way of intelligence, but there was an alarm bell that had begun humming in the back of his mind that triggered a faint sense of fear and dread.

Slowly, Amanda inhaled, catching the tail end of the thread of fear that he had suddenly given off. Her gaze drifted towards Greg and she easily probed his mind, following that thread of fear down into the void. **Demons.** He was afraid of demons. Her eye shifted back towards Pennywise, a knowing smirk pulling at the corners of her lips.

There was a violent crack of thunder and an intense flash of lightning. Suddenly, the entire house was plunged into a thick darkness. Someone let out a scream followed by a soft curse.

"Sorry about that." Ray mumbled sheepishly. This time it was Pennywise who sensed the thread of fear, following it with ease. He was afraid of the dark. Something they could certainly use to their advantage.

A faint, deep scratching sound could be heard directly across from him and he knew that Amanda was already preparing herself. They

each had claimed their target, her going to the blonde headed lumberjack while he went for the darker skinned ex nurse. There was a deep chuckle that rumbled from his chest. It turned into a high-pitched manical laugh. His eyes shifted from blue to yellow, glowing like two bright beacons in the darkness.

"Preciousss." He hissed, reaching across the table to grasp one of her clawed hands in his. Those sharp claws scratched at the surface of his glove briefly before they drifted over to Greg.

It was his turn to scream as he felt those talons pet tauntingly through his hair. The heavy breathing of something large beside him was nearly enough to send him into a panic.

"Your sssoul isss mine, Greeeeeg." A feminine Demonic voice taunted, hissing against his ear. Sulfuric, acrid breath drifted hotly against his cheek. His fear spiked, causing whatever it was beside him to inhale deeply and purr in delight. "Tasty, tasty, beautiful fear."

"I believe that is *my* line, Preciousss."

"Hmmm." She replied. It was hard to talk much with a mouth full of razor sharp teeth, so she resorted to grunting in response.

"Now that we have your attention and focus, gentlemen. Allow me to ask you both a few questions."

"W-who are you?" Ray managed to squeak out, his fingers tightening on the edge of the table. He was surprised he hadn't bolted yet, but something told him that he wouldn't get very far before either one of them caught him.

"Why I am Pennywise the *Dancing* Clown." On cue to the jingle of bells, one of the kitchen lights blasted to life, illuminating the sinister facade of the Clown that had replaced bill. The light acted like a spot light on a stage, following his every move as he stood gracefully from the chair. His movements seemed as if he was a puppet on strings, pulled by some unseen hands.

"Oh God. Nicholas had been right."

"*Had* being the key word, I'm afraid." He gestured with a gloved hand



and the spot light moved, the white beam falling on Greg and the thing that stood next to him. When the man's gaze turned, he turned deathly white. Green eyes rolled into the back of his head as he slid boneless to the floor in a dead faint.

"Well, Precioussss, it would seem that you caused the poor man to pass out from fright." His yellow gaze drifted over the form she had chosen. Stark black horns, similiar to that of a ram curled on either side of her head and blended in with long jet black hair that tumbled down her back. Her skin had taken on a reddish hue that shimmered with iradescent shades of purple, orange and yellow. Sharp teeth on both her upper and lower jaw gleamed in the light and her dainty fingers were tipped in leathal black claws.

"Very well done." Pennywise barked out a manic laugh, his applause muffled by the white gloves adorning his hands. His attention shifted back towards Ray who had made some kind of move as if to dare to make an attempt at running. With a wave of his finger and a taunting "Uh uh", the Clown grabbed the large man by the back of a neck and forced him back into the chair.

"My Princesss and I have some questions and since you are the only one currently still conscious, you get the privilege of answering them." He could feel the man trembling in his grip.

"W-what do you want to know?"

"Everything you can provide us about this little sect of yours. The Cult of Chud."

It was as if the mention of the Cult flicked some kind of switch in Ray's head. He was usually slow on the uptake and he was surprised he hadn't caught on sooner when the Clown had introduced himself. Pennywise was a well known form for this entity and they had records of it, copies of Derry's historical images that showcased the common appearance of a clown named Pennywise throughout the centuries during several main disasters that had taken place just before the strings of murders and disappearances. He was sitting in the very presence of IT. Ray felt his gaze being pulled to the red skinned creature that was now crouching above Greg, petting his unconscious form tauntingly. Then that had to be...

"Amanda?"

At the sound of her name, the Demon's red and yellow gaze snapped up in his direction.

"What has he done to you?"

"Noooothinggg." She hissed in response, sinister gaze narrowing.

"Nothing she did not accept *willingly*, I assure you, Ray." He tapped the side of the man's face, commanding his focus and attention. "Now answer my question."

He gave a sigh of resignation. Quite frankly, the Cult didn't pay them enough for this shit. If he survived the night, he was putting in his two weeks and getting the hell out of dodge.

## 14. Chapter 14

**Author's Note:** And another chapter bites the dust. ;D

**Review Notes: Koudelka-Aerith** - Thank you so much! I am glad you enjoy this story and my writing. (: As a thank you, I am dedicating this chapter to you as well as to anyone who has left such positive reviews about this story. I am growing very fond of it and enjoy every moment of writing it. Enjoy!

**Angel.01Phoenix** - I am so glad you are liking my gem ridden goodness. ;) I try to update as much as I can. If not every day, then every other day, or at the very least one a week. So far it has been mostly every day. I thank my Muse for co-operating with me on this one. Lol!

**Theme Song: Marilyn Manson - If I Was Your Vampire**

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### 14

Greg screamed, a shrill high-pitched sound that seemed so out of place coming from a large man. It was the sound of sheer terror that echoed loudly off the walls. But despite him sounding like a woman, that scream was like music to Amanda's ears. Even as she dragged him by his ankle along the floor of the cistern that she and Pennywise had taken to calling home. It was strange how quickly she had become accustomed to living in the sewers of Derry. She had accepted this way of life with both arms and had embraced it with grace and dignity. He couldn't have been prouder, or more in love with her. He watched, following behind her with the paralyzed Ray thrown over his shoulder as Greg scrambled at the ground, attempting to claw for purchase anywhere within his reach. Unfortunately, she did not have the ability to render her prey paralyzed as he did but that mattered not. He would help her in any way she needed him to.

She was still in the form of the demoness, curvacious red figure enveloped in a simple black dress that reached her ankles and tied in the front. There was a large v-shaped slit along the front of it that

showcased both of her legs and stopped just short of revealing her tender bits. Not that he would have minded, but he did not like the thought of another man being privy to staring at her. Or worse. He had not liked the way Greg had watched her with the stark hunger a man gets when he desires a woman. He knew all too well because he watched her like that and as far as he was concerned, he was the only one allowed to.

Silently, Pennywise hoped that she would allow him to speak with Greg while she cleaned the blood off of her. His gaze traveled down to her hand work. Thin rivulets of fear tinged blood made a red path behind the human as he was dragged to the very center of the large room. Already two other bodies floated in the air, circling gracefully and slowly around the macabre tower of collected junk and now they would add two more. He knew she was drawing out the fear, savoring it. He was so very proud.

Amanda released her hold on Greg, but placed her foot down onto the center of his chest. Slowly the form of the Demoness faded away and she resumed her normal appearance. As much as he enjoyed watching her shift, he found himself missing her normal look. Releasing Ray, Pennywise watched for a moment as the large man slowly floated towards the ceiling to join the others. A heartbeat or two and he turned his yellow eyes back towards his wife, practically purring as he closed the distance between them.

"Don't be disappointed, Preciousss." He said softly, cupping her face in his large white gloved hands. "This is only one ability so far that you do not have access to. You have accomplished so much in such a short amount of time and have taken to hunting as if you have done this for years. Even if this is not ability you do not ever acquire, I do not mind."

He brushed his red tinged lips over her forehead before releasing his hold on her. He stopped down and picked the man up by the collar of his shirt. The sheer strength he showed seemed to spike the humans fear even further.

"Delicious." He crooned just before his mouth peeled open, revealing the Dead Lights deep within the center of his being. Greg's eyes clouded over, turning a milky white like all the others. The Clown

slowly released his hold and urged the man's body up to float to the ceiling.

"This Cult." Amanda stated, breaking the comfortable silence that had settled between them. "They have been keeping track of you for centuries?"

He gave a soft sigh, settling his large frame to lean against a sturdy pile of debris. "Unfortunately, yes. Their main goal is my destruction. They thought to use you against me. Before your transformation, you blood was apparently the key to it. Some sort of Prophecy that they believed would eliminate me if they bound you to the Cult. I do not think it was ever possible."

Her head tilted faintly to the right. "No?"

He shook his head with a faint jangle of bells. "I think their leader; a Victor Sterling, misguided them. I think he seeks you simply for the power you hold. Yes, even as a human you had hidden abilities. Remember that you called out to me even in your dreams. Your call was so powerful that it had awoken me early from my long rest. I also think that he knows of our bond. I think he knew, somehow, that we were connected and seeks to use that for his own gain."

"Then he poses as a threat to us both."

"Yes, though only because he seeks to separate me from you. He has no power other than that."

She moved towards him then, reached out to toy with the red pom poms on the front of his attire. "Then how do we draw him out?"

"We must go to him."

She arched a single brow. "Wouldn't that leave you vulnerable that far away from your territory?"

"Precioussss, I am the eater of worlds. Wherever there is fear, I am not vulnerable. I choose to remain here because it is an easy source of food."

"Then how soon should we leave to find this Cult?"

"We will travel by day tomorrow. They will not expect us to come to them. They will more than likely assume that I have chains keeping me here in Derry. We will have the element of surprise."

Amanda nodded once. Though she had removed the guise of the demon, the dress still clung to her and he had been staring at those ties wrapped around her waist as if they were a crude set of chains shackling her. He reached out and grasped one with his thumb and index finger, tugging it slowly from the bow. With a whisper of material, it loosened and the dress fell open, revealing the pale line of her bare skin from her neck down. Immediately, Pennywise felt himself harden. It still amazed him that she had such an instant effect on him. Slowly, he slid both of his arms around her waist, pulling her flush against the line of his body. His gloved hands shifted, smoothing down to the backs of her thighs and lifted her. Instinctively, they locked around his waist, both of her arms seeking purchase around his neck. He leaned forward, pressing his face against the very center of her breasts, simply taking a moment to breathe deep of her scent and listen to the delicate thump of her heart.

"Never forget, Preciousss, that I love you." He mumbled against her skin. "There is nothing that I fear except for one thing." He glanced up at her, his gaze searching hers. "And that is *losing you*." He admitted. The fearsome Pennywise finally admitting he was afraid of something.

"You're not going to lose me. I would never leave you willingly, Pennywise." Amanda whispered, framing his white face between her hands and forcing him to look up at her. "I love you and there will be *nothing* to break that nor come between us. I will *not* allow it."

He took a moment to simply stare into her eyes before his mouth swooped down and claimed hers in a fiercely passionate kiss. Fire immediately lit her veins, whipping straight down to her core like lightning. She felt his hands move, shifting to push the material of the dress off of her. The cool air slid over her skin like the familiar hand of a skilled lover and she practically purred in delight. He carried her towards the large metal door, it's paint old and faded but still showing the subtle signs of a circus advertisement for Pennywise the Dancing Clown. The former caravan had been turned tin a place

for him to rest and this was the first time he had brought her into it. The door itself fell open with a clang of metal, revealing an old fashioned stage prop. It sat unmoving, lifeless as he carried her through to the back of it. Inside was surprisingly neat, devoid of the clutter that surrounded the outside. A large, well kept bed sat in the very center of the space. It looked comfortable and inviting and Amanda felt herself sink down into it as he lay her back against the red sheets that covered it.

His form shifted, taking on the tattooed Bill Skarsgard guise. The clown costume had melted away, leaving him in nothing but heavily inked skin. His hands slid up the inside of her legs, starting at the ankles and moving up to her thighs. The palm of his hand grazed his mark and he felt a fierce possessiveness rise up from the pit of him. It burst forth in a deep rumbling growl as he crawled up the length of her body, positioning himself exactly where they both wanted him. He took a hold of her left leg it shifted it, hiking it up to his waist as he slid the length of himself deep inside of her in a single, powerful stroke. Her back arched up off of the bed, head tilting to expose her throat alluringly as a gasp escaped her. She was beautiful to him normally, but in that moment, she was simply breathtaking. Especially knowing that it was him that put such a look on her face, that fire burning deep in her eyes.

Amanda slid the palms of her hands over his abdomen, rewarded when she felt the muscles beneath quiver at her touch. She move them higher, fingertips splaying his chest before they dug faintly into the broadness of his shoulders. Her nails drew faint rivulets of dark blood that floated like lava in a lamp through the air. She felt his arms encircle her waist and pull her up against the front of him, creating more intimacy from being so close to one another. She was very nearly eye level and their gazes locked, both burning a deep yellow. Each shift of his hips was deliberately slow, gradually building the pleasure rather than seeking to possess it. He felt her breath burning just as hot as her surrounding him. She was silken heat sliding against hard velvet. She was perfection, every inch of her fitting around him as if she had been made for him.

This time, it was his breath that hitched when he felt her clench tightly around him. It was his eyes that practically rolled back when

he felt her glide teasingly over his erection. She was going to drive him insane and he was going to let her.

"Look at me." His own words came back to haunt him deliciously as he felt her fingers curl in his slicked back hair. He felt her tug on it just hard enough to force his focus onto her. That off kilter gaze latched onto her as if she had cast some kind of spell over him and refused to budge. Her teeth scored over his lower lip, earning a delightful groan from him. It seemed that this time, the tables of dominance had turned and he for one, was relishing it. He felt her mouth move, listing lazily along the line of his jaw. He felt the seduction of her tongue flick out and taste the throb of his pulse beneath the skin.

"Preciousss." His pet name for her came out as a moan, his head tilted as her teeth scraped erotically along the area where his neck met his shoulder. Without warning, she struck, latching onto that spot and piercing flesh so blood welled up and into her awaiting mouth. He hissed, fingers tangling into her dark hair, but he didn't pull her away. He held her against him almost hard enough to bruise. His hips bucked hard up into her and the slap of flesh against flesh was drowned out by their groans. Hers was more muffled with her teeth buried in his shoulder and he felt it vibrate down into him, shooting straight to his loins.

She pulled her teeth away, the lower half of her face painted in his blood that trickled darkly down the front of her throat and trailed down between the valley of her breasts. With a sharp nail, she marked the very center of the bite wound she had created, etching it with a symbol he had never seen before but it felt familiar to him. Where had she learned such a mark?

"From your mind." She whispered softly as her head tilted back, pulled by his hand that was still tangled in her hair. She felt his lips skim along the front of her throat, her body contracting instinctively around him an anticipation. She felt the heat of his mouth move, drifting over his other mark that marred her shoulder. A delicious shudder ran down her spine and she felt him thrust powerfully into her in response.

Without warning, they came apart at the seams, each one of them



releasing a shout of pleasure that echoed through the room. She felt the fire rush through her from nearly head to toe. If Pennywise's arms hadn't been around her, she probably would have melted into a boneless heap onto the bed. As it was, they both simply collapsed, still locked within eachothers embrace.

"Sleep, Preciousss." He said softly, nuzzling his lips against her temple. "I, for one, am looking forward to finally being able to rest with you in my arms."

Amanda smiled, reaching up the trail her fingertips along the line of his jaw. Her mouth found his and he tasted his own blood on her tongue. Perhaps they should clean up before sleep claimed them, but neither one of them could find the energy to move, nor the will to untangle themself from the other.

## 15. Chapter 15

**Author's Note:** SO sorry for the delay in updating ladies and gentlemen! I got inspiration for my book and had to take a break to jot down my ideas and it ended up getting away from me. I haven't forgotten about you I promise! Here is a short fill in chapter with lemons to make up for my delay. Enjoy!

**Theme Song:** *Motionless in White - Eternally Yours*

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### 15

"You're telling me that you can transport yourself virtually anywhere you choose?" She asked, staring at Pennywise with a mixture of awe and disbelief. She knew that he was capable of a variety of different things, but this was one she found faintly hard to grasp. She knew he could appear when he wished just as he could disappear but she had assumed that it had to be a local location.

"Yes. Though the further it is, the more energy it takes. Just as it takes even more to move someone with me." He brushed his fingers through her dark hair, tucking it behind her left ear. "I would teach you but I do not know for certain if this is an ability you will acquire nor do we have the time at present for a lesson. You are still grasping the fundamentals of using fear on your prey, I do not want to burden you with something more complex just yet."

"I understand." Amanda replied, if a bit disappointed as she leaned into the touch of his hand. "Besides I would not want to end up in another country while you ended up somewhere else."

"Not likely to happen. Your energy; if you were in distress, would call out to me and pull me to you."

She arched a single brow slightly. "Well, that's handy."

"Indeed, Preciousss." His slid his tattooed hands over her upper arms, reveling for the moment in touching her bare skin. Once they left to bring this so called battle to the Cult, there would be little of

anything else until they were finished. "Never lose focus. What ever they may tell you, what ever tactics they may use to persuade your mind, reach out to me. See the truth in my thoughts and you will remain firm."

She trailed a fingertip over the tattoo that adorned his face, just above the left brow. It was a dark design, some kind of unique tribal marking that she couldn't place but it fascinated her none the less. She watched as his eyes fell closed and he leaned into her as her fingers splayed against the side of his face and moved down towards his neck.

"The same goes for you." She countered, leaning forward to brush her lips against his. They parted, deepening the kiss between one breath and the next. Her teeth nipped deliciously along his lower lip, tugging on it just enough so that a growl rumbled from his chest.

"You entice me too much, Princesss." He hissed in warning as his hands slid down along her sides to her hips. He shifted them easily, pinning her smaller frame beneath his. The red sheets tangled around them as he deftly slid into her in a single, mind numbing stroke. This time he was gentle, slow as he savored each tight inch of her. He wanted this moment to last because if he was honest with himself, he did not know if there would be another.

Her legs were bent at the knees, situated on either side of Pennywise's hips. Her fingers danced their way up his spine, nails dragging fairly deep scratches into his flesh. His dark blood floated in the air around them. Amanda painted her bloodied fingertips across her lips, staining them nearly black. The look on his face was certainly worth it. His eyes glowed a richer yellow, his own fingers digging firmly into her hips as he surged into her, still managing to keep his thrusts powerfully slow and gentle. He leaned forward, devouring her mouth with his own.

She groaned lowly, her lips tearing away from his as his body hit the end of hers. It was more pleasure than pain and when he did it again, she nearly cried out in rapture. Her legs instinctively locked around his waist, pulling him closer towards her and preventing him from moving. With him fully sheathed inside of her as deep as he could go, her hips shifted, grinding her damp heat along the hard velvet of

him. Taking her lead, he kept the motion of his hips minimal. The intensity of her clenching around him grew and before he knew it, she was coming undone beneath him. He followed behind her within seconds, releasing all he had to offer and more.

"I love you, Preciousss." He whispered in her ear, nuzzling his lips against her flesh. He felt her hands slide along his spine once more as she wrapped her arms around him.

"And I love you." She replied, her eyes locking with his. When he slid from her, she felt the loss of him already, almost as if her body immediately missed his which she supposed wasn't entirely too far from the truth.

"We must go." He stated softly, brushing the hair back away from her ear once more.

Grumbling softly, she made to tug the sheets over her, but squealed when they were completely ripped from the bed before she had a chance to. He patted her rear playfully, the smack sounding much louder than it actually was. Amanda glared daggers at him, but couldn't help the smirk that played at the corner of her mouth.

"Don't tease me with a good time if you don't plan on following through, Pennywise."

His smouldering gaze locked on her, staring at her with a stark hunger in them that told her he would do just that if she kept teasing him. She snorted softly before begrudgingly rolling herself out of bed. Thinking of what they were about to do, Amanda decided to dress for the occasion. Pennywise would undoubtedly don his ever familiar Clown persona so why shouldn't she match him? With two hours before they had to leave for Bangor, she had plenty of time to make herself presentable.

## 16. Chapter 16

**Author's Note:** My apologies for the delay in posting updates. Again, my book got away from me. Unfortunately, I can not share it on here since it has nothing to do with fan-fiction. It has been a project in the works for a few years now and I was stumped on the plot until recently. And the main characters have undergone some changes. I have re-read over Dark Desire and realized how much I missed the interaction between Amanda and Pennywise as I am sure the lot of you have as well. So I decided to continue on. There is also going to be an update of my Pennywise story including a different version of Amanda. Though her appearance and personality may remain mostly the same, it will be her background that is different. It is mostly a merger of Jessie and Amanda. Since I wrote Dark Desire, Jessie sort of disappeared from my mental movie until it was eclipsed by Amanda's presence. She seems to not want to let go of our favorite killer Clown, and who can blame her? ;P I do hope you enjoy. :)

**Theme Song:** *Insane Clown Posse - Clown Walk*

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### 16

Amanda adjusted the high ponytail she had placed the mass of thick curly black hair in. The tail itself was nearly four inches thick, the curls themselves sitting in clusters that were two inches wide a piece. Expertly applied stark black eye shadow and eye liner had been applied around those errie demonic yellow eyes that she now possessed. Each wing of liner at the outer corners had been dragged down to the corners of her full lips, giving the illusion of a perpetual, creepy smile that very nearly rivaled Pennywise's. Her face had been smeared white, though it was part of her own illusion, her new glamour and not makeup. This was the form she had chosen for herself to use against her prey, luring them into a false sense of security. Unlike her companion, however, she was not dressed in a clown costume. Form hugging black leggings and a tight fitting long sleeved black shirt hugged her curves and gave her an impressive range of freedom of movement. She would be comfortable and to her, that was what mattered. She didn't know how he could stand the

nearly stiff white frilly collar that encircled his neck. On her feet were knee high black boots that looked like flat soled gypsy styled boots. The laces were loose, but the boots themselves were secure, almost as if they had been custom made to fit her.

"Well, what do you think?" She inquired, spinning in a slow circle to show her companion her new appearance. The silence stretched on and Amanda stopped spinning, turning to face him. He was staring at her, though it almost appeared as though he was staring through her. For a moment, she fidgeted uneasily, tugging self-counciously at a loose thread on the sleeve of her shirt.

"Delectable." Pennywise finally purred, moving towards her with a faint jungle of bells. He had shed his human guise and had returned to his favored Clown glamour. His gloved hand reached out, white fingertips hovering over the black adorning her lips. He grinned, a sinister and malicious gesture that would undoubtedly strike fear into the hearts of those who had dared threaten them. They would be a force to be reckoned with. They were much stronger together than they were apart, but he knew that they would have to separate in order to descimate this Cult from opposite ends and meet in the middle.

"Are you ready, Precioussss?" He inquired, tilting his head down to rest his forehead gently against hers. "You remember what you must do?"

She nodded once. "Yes to both."

"I do not like the thought of you being bait." He murmured softly, a flash of disapproval turning his malicious smile into a frown.

"Do not think of me as being bait, Pennywise. Think of it as me laying the ground work."

He chuckled softly, pressing a kiss against her temple briefly. "When this is over, we will take a long rest. I think we both deserve it." He let his gloved hands drift downward over the curve of her hips. "Close your eyes. Teleportation can be very disorienting the first time." When she did as he requested, he closed his own eyes and focused his energy, his power to where they needed to go. Within a split second,

both of their forms disappeared.

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A young girl, no older than her mid to late twenties practically crawled up the front steps of the largest church she had ever seen. Though it had once served as a place of worship, there were no markings to indicate that it was still used for such purposes, but the girl didn't notice this. She kept glancing back over her shoulder and into the darkness where she could see two glowing yellow eyes watching her from the pitch black. She nearly screamed as she scrambled up the unforgivably cold marble stairs. They were slightly slick with dew and she almost face planted, nearly breaking the bridge of her nose on the edge of one of the stairs. She was breathing heavy, panting in desperation as she managed to gain her footing and shot straight for the main entrance of the building. The large twin oak doors were flanked by eerily blank stained glass windows. There were no saints depicted, just bright colors of red, yellow, purple, blue and green. With a frustrated cry, she pulled on the ornate wrought iron handle. The door moved out towards her without so much a creak on the nearly rusty wrought iron hinges. She fell in through the door with a grunt, landing in a faint heap against the thick purple rug that ran from the entrance and in a straight line towards the empty dais.

"Are you alright, my child?" Came the soothing voice of a robed figure off to the girls right. He; judging by the tone of the voice, rushed towards her, helping the trembling woman to her feet.

"H-help m-me." She pleaded in desperation, panting heavily out of breath. "T-there is s-something a-after m-me."

"You are safe here, my dear." He continued to croon gently. He held her left hand in his, draping his right arm around her shoulders as he steered her towards the nearest pew at the back of the church. "Take a moment and sit. Regain your breath and tell me what happened."

She nodded once, long dark hair pulled back into a thick ponytail that revealed the natural beauty of her facial features. Rich chocolate brown eyes shimmered with what appeared to be unshed tears. Her dainty hands with their small, thin fingers trembled visibly as she wrung them together nervously. She wore all black, the long sleeved

shirt and leggings clinging to her curves rather enticingly despite her obvious distress and the robed man found himself admiring them.

"I was heading home after my shift at the cafe where I work. I walk the same route every night so didn't think anything of it when I noticed that some of the street lamps weren't on. I just assumed that their timers hadn't clicked on yet. I was about half way when I heard the most creepy laugh I have ever heard in my entire life sounded right behind me. I turned to glance behind me, but saw nothing. So, I turned back around to continue on my way, but before I could even take a step, the faint sound of bells jingling sounded. I whipped back around and that was when I noticed a tall, dark figure standing there. He; judging by the size, was holding a bunch of balloons. He asked me if I wanted one."

She turned her gaze towards the man sitting beside her and he was struck by the near almond shape of those eyes. Bedroom eyes most people would call them. They were naturally like that, he noticed.

"There was just something sinister about his presence. Something malicious that I couldn't put my finger on. He frightened me."

Alarm bells began to go off in the man's mind, but he continued to listen to the alluring sound of her soft voice. Even with the obvious fear in her tone, he found himself hanging onto every word. So wrapped up in her presence was he, that he didn't notice the subtle shift in her body. The way she turned towards him, nor the subtle smirk that tugged at the left corner of her mouth. Nor did he notice the thick clusters of curls of her hair begin to move as if alive. Hell, he barely even heard the hiss before it was too late. A thick, writhing snake slid over his shoulder, forked tongue flicking at the lobe of his ear. He shouted and jerked away from the woman in alarm. Terror and fear spiking in his blood almost instantly. He watched in horror as the dark curls of her hair became alive, slithering and rasping against her shoulders. Beady, evil eyes staring straight into his soul. He continued to watch as the damsel in distress guise melted away to reveal the facade of the true woman beneath. Her beauty was still there, but her face had become alabaster white. Stark black lips stretched upward to the corner of her eyes, giving her a wide and mocking grin.



"W-who are you? **W-what** are you?" He inquired with a shaky voice. Had he been a religious man, he would have fell to his knees and prayed but this Cult was not necessarily about religion. It was geared more towards the destruction of **IT** and the preservation of the Turtle's memory.

The woman stood, her petite stature surprisingly frightening. She seemed to loom over him with a darkness that was nearly all consuming. There was an unpredictability in her movements that made him all the more on edge than he already was.

"You have heard of Pennywise the Dancing Clown?" She questioned with a subtle tilt of her head. There was no jingle of bells that accompanied her movements, only the hissing of the snakes she had for her hair. As she spoke, the man noticed that her speech was slurred, her own tongue black and forked, slithering out to taste the fear on the air. "Well, consider me the **Contortionist**."

Without warning, she struck, mouth opening wide to show rows of razor sharp teeth just as her hands gripped his face hard and with surprising strength. He felt nothing but pressure and a burn as those teeth buried deep into the front of his throat and pulled, ripping through flesh as easily as a hot knife through butter. Blood washed over him, painting the lower half of her face crimson like a macabre painting. When he fell to the floor in a heap, Amanda crouched down and rummaged through the pockets of his robes. With a triumphant shout, she pulled free a long chain that held what appeared to be an antique skeleton key. Her keen eyes glanced around her for a moment, before noticing an ornate door at the back of the chapel area. Going on intuition alone, she moved towards it. Testing the key in the lock, she wasn't entirely surprised when it opened. There was a narrow passage that led further into the bowels of the church. Undoubtedly they would find the others of the Cult here.

## 17. Chapter 17

**Author's Note:** I got the inspiration to tie in my Pennywise story with this one. Dark Desire occurring about 5 years after the Pennywise time line. I will be posting up the updated version of the other story though it is not yet finished but I do know how I want it to end. There is a spoiler in this chapter, so be warned. Enjoy!

**Theme Song:** *Black Label Society - Battering Ram*

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17

Victor watched in horror via the black and white security footage as a large swarm of venomous wasps zipped through the main hallway. He could hear their buzzing even from the sound proofing of his office. It drilled fear into his brain, making him unable to move a muscle. He had been afraid before, but never this terrified. He was a man who had always prided himself on controlling his fears but he had been wrong. So very wrong. He could hear the screams from the other Cultists. The desperate pleas for aid was what sprung him into action. Unfortunately he didn't get very far before he heard an insanely eerie high pitched chuckle from the dark corner of his office. His steel blue eyes shifted, watching as two figures peeled themselves away from the shadows. One was nearly seven foot tall. The other much shorter and obviously female.

"Victor Sssterling." Pennywise crooned in a hiss. He danced with a jingle of bells towards the ornate oak desk, holding his hand out for Amanda who took it. He spun her expertly in a circle, turning her so that she now faced the older man. His gloved hands rested against her hips, holding her in place so that the Cult leader could get a good long look at her.

He watched the humans steel blue eyes roam over her from head to toe. Taking in the curvaceous figure. The long jet black curly hair. He watched the man flinch slightly when he caught a glimpse of the stark white skin and piercing yellow eyes that were lined with a thin ring of red on the outer edge of the iris.

"You took her." Victor mumbled softly, mostly to himself. The years of the Cult's search had given them nothing. IT had won.

"Of her own free will too. She gave herself to me oh so willingly." Pennywise replied, leaning forward to rest his chin against the curve of her shoulder. She felt his hands snake upward and over her breasts. The pressure of his squeezing fingers caused her breath to hitch in an audible gasp and her back to arch, pressing them further into his hands. "Mmm. She is so very responsive to me."

Amanda reached back with her right hand, her own fingers digging into the flesh of his right thigh as his gloved thumbs brushed over the material that covered her hardening nipples. The Clown let his hands drop, much to their disappointment. He would have gladly given Victor a show. He would have taken her right in front of him. Funnily enough, he knew she would have let him. He could sense it in her thoughts, see the fire of it in her eyes. He brushed his lips over her temple before stepping away from her, circling around behind the Cult leader.

"You sent your men to find her after I had Marked her for the first time. How did you know where to find her?" He inquired, stopping directly behind the chair.

"We knew of her past. Her mother and father had connections with the Cult but they had splintered off with a heretic branch that sought to Bind her to you with the hopes of controlling you."

Amanda's eyes narrowed faintly. "My mother and father are back in Rhode Island and most certainly not any part of a Cult."

"Are you certain of that?" Victor asked, his gaze turning towards her with a sly expression. "It would seem that your Clown companion has been keeping secrets from you."

Pennywise suddenly reached out and grabbed the back of the man's graying dark hair. He slammed his head down onto the surface of the desk where he let out a shout of pain.

"You are the ones who took her from me. I had to influence the people of Derry to find her."

The puzzle was slowly beginning to come together. The parents she had known in Rhode Island had always been supportive of her but distant. She knew they had loved her but there had never been that emotional connection.

"What are you talking about?" She asked, moving around the desk so that she could look into the human's face.

"IT never told you of your past? Not surprising. Your mother and father had been apart of this Cult a long time ago but they had separated, joining a branch that had begun to dedicate themselves to controlling IT. They sought IT's power for their own purposes. They had bound you to IT hoping that they would be able to control IT through you."

"Pennywise." She growled out through clenched teeth. "Pennywise, not IT."

"It does not matter what you call IT. IT is a thing of evil and must be destroyed."

A very deep inhuman growl rumbled from her chest and she struck out. This time it was her turn to slam his head down onto the surface of the desk. The Clown behind the chair laughed in amusement.

"Continue, Sterling." Amanda leaned forward over the desk, putting her face very close to his which had begun to bleed from a cut in the center of his forehead.

"The binding was complete but the Cult didn't realize how strong it had made me. They thought that I would kill you to free myself. But they were wrong. I killed them to free you, but I knew it wouldn't be the end of it. I had to toy with your memories. I had to make you forget me to ensure that you were safe."

She slowly let go of Sterling and stood up, her eyes locking onto Pennywise as he continued.

"I did what I had to in order to protect you. I sent you away from Derry and away from me but you are so much stronger than I had anticipated. You came back of your own violation even though you

did not remember. Your memories should have returned when I reactivated the Binding but I think perhaps that you are keeping them at bay yourself. Subconsciously." He moved around the chair. He allowed the fingers of his right hand to delve into her hair which was now flowing freely. She had ditched the ponytail sometime in her trek to meet up with him on the second floor. It pleased him that she still allowed him to touch her. "I am sorry that I did not tell you sooner, Preciousss. I would never hurt you intentionally. You must know that."

She leaned into his touch, her own hand reaching up to slide over the back of his that held her. "I do know that, Pennywise. So you're saying that I was what? That I had been created for you?"

"I think that you had been born with the purpose of being my other half."

"Oh please." Victor interrupted with a scoff. "IT is an ageless entity. A being without true form and with very malicious intents. IT exists to feed and to gain power. That is all it is using you for, to secure it's power base. You mean nothing to IT other than that."

The Clown moved with astounding speed, crossing the distance between him and the human. He grabbed him by the lapels of his expensive Armani suit and hauled him out of the chair. As his mouth parted, thousands of jagged teeth were visible. The voice that rumbled from his chest was something far from human and seemed to echo like the Void itself.

"You know nothing of my intentions, Sssterling. Nor of what I feel for her. If there was one thing that I had learned to do by being with her, it is to love. I love her with every fiber of my being. She is my world and any that come between us will know our wrath. Such as your precious Cult. You sought to acquire her for your own means. You have failed."

Pennywise let his mouth split wide. It peeled back to reveal the glowing lights deep within the very center of his being. Victor's gaze locked onto those lights and could not break away. Amanda watched, content, as the man's eyes glazed over to white and he became nearly as limp as a child's doll. The man floated when he was released,

levitating in the air as if he was actually under water, much like the others in their macabre collection back in Derry. Sterling would simply be another addition.

He turned to her, reaching up to let his thumb trace over the curve of her lower lip which was still tainted black. He pulled it down gently before he leaned forward and claimed her mouth hungrily with his, a low growl slipping free. He felt the responding fire rage within her as her arms locked around his neck.

"I love you, Preciousss. Never doubt that." He released her and grabbed a hold of Victor's floating form, throwing the man almost casually over his shoulder like he was carrying a sack of potatoes. "Shall we return home?"

## 18. Chapter 18

**Author's Note:** Don't worry! I didn't forget about our lovely killer clown and his new wife! How could I?! Been a bit busy lately, but I am still working on it, though it is progressing a bit slower than I like at the moment. I like to try to keep you guys updated as frequently as possible, but life doesn't always work that way. Never fear! I am still working on the story! As an apology, here is another chapter for you guys. Also, if any of you have any requests you would like to see of our dynamic duo, or even Pennywise with anyone else, shoot me a message. Also, the model I found to portray his human form is Jord Liddel. OMG! Like a cross between Bill Skarsgard and Andy Biersack from Black Veil Brides. Anywho, enjoy!

**Theme Song:** Skillet ft. Lacey Sturm - Breaking Free

### Chapter 18

"So you're telling me that you manipulated my memories? You made me forget everything?" Her brow frowned slightly. They had returned back to Derry and their underground sanctuary. Pennywise was facing away from her. He had assumed his human facade almost the very instant they had set foot back home. His broad shoulders shifted enticingly as he lifted his arms to add Victor Sterling to their collection of floating figures spiraling slowly above their heads. Her gaze watched them for a brief moment before it was pulled back down to him, practically boring holes into his back. He could feel the intense heat of her eyes and it almost made him cringe in anticipation.

"I told you before, Preciousss, that I had to. I had to ensure that you were safe." He replied, finally turning around to face her. The intensity of his eyes mixed with the dramatic, evil arch of his brows pinning her with a delicious weight that immediately caused a white hot lance of desire to whip through her veins.

"I do not doubt that you love me, but don't you think that this was something that you should have confided in me from the beginning?"

"It is rare that humans truly want to know the truth."

Her brow frowned further. "This is my life we are talking about, Pennywise. Perhaps it would have been nice had you at least let me decide for myself on what would have best for me."

He arched a single brow higher but said nothing. She was angry with him? He could smell it, feel it like a nearly palpable wave of heat, stinging him like a thousand bees.

"What happened? What made you decide to screw with my memories?"

He sighed softly but reached out towards her with his left hand. He thought for a moment that she wasn't about to take it, but then he felt the warmth of her dainty fingers slide against his palm, he tugged her closer. He wrapped his heavily tattooed arms around her smaller frame, just simply holding her against his chest.

"It was not a decision I made lightly, Amanda, nor was it something I had ever wanted to do, but I had to. Your mother and father were fanatics. Part of a cult that was a splinter group of the Cult of Chud. They had no name and no qualms over how they accomplished their goals. Your very own father led this group. It was his decision to offer you up as a sacrifice. It was his knife that pierced your flesh. You were so young, Preciousss. Four years old when they bound you to me. That is too young to have to live with the memories and the connection of being tied to a creature such as me. I could not subject you to that, nor could I allow the Cult of Chud to find out about our connection."

"So you wiped them away for my protection." She made it a statement rather than a question. Her brow smoothed out and a sense of what appeared to be relief, eased the tension that had begun to stiffen her shoulders.

"Memories can never be wiped away." He stated, running his tattooed fingers through the dark silk of her hair. They tangled in those inky strands as if he had no intention of ever letting her go. "They can be repressed, but never ripped away. They are still locked deep inside your mind, though I suspect that you have had flashes of them resurfacing, or perhaps even dreamed about them at some point."



She tugged her lower lip between her teeth and Pennywise found himself hardening painfully at the gesture. Though she made it something simple, he took it as something highly sensual. His eyes immediately focused on her lips and he felt his blood stir, scalding his veins as he watched her drag the edge of her teeth along her lower lip.

"I've had nightmares as far back as I can remember. Which is part of the reason why I would always get up and write. Creating a fictional world helped me focus on something other than that fear, even though most of what I have written has been a combination of horror, romance and thrillers."

He nodded once in acknowledgement, fingers sliding once more through her hair. "I suspect that was your way of coping with what your mind already knew but wasn't quite willing to let you remember." He hesitated for a moment, his thumb brushing along the curve of that enticing lower lip. "The first time I saw you, you were four. I did not see you again until you had turned twenty seven. You sought me out because I had been entering your dreams. I couldn't stay away from you and I had to make sure that you were safe. You came to me of your own initiative, of your own free will. Again, the Cult your father had started showed themselves. The end result, I had to lock your memories of me away. The mother and father you had come to know as your own had found you as a traumatized child. They took you in and I manipulated those I could to ensure you remained in their care. "

"So, I have known you this entire time?" She asked, sounding almost as if she was in awe.

"Yes." Pennywise admitted. His thumb pulled very lightly on her lower lip and he found himself desiring to claim her mouth with his own, but he kept himself in check. "I had to suppress my own emotions and desires for so long that I was considering going mad. Now that I have you, now that you and I are bound, I am not going to let you go, Preciousss. The Cult of Chud and its offshoot fanatical sect are still functioning. They are both badly wounded, but they remain alive. We must be prepared in the event that they will come after us. We must rebuild our kingdom and our strength. A war is coming, Preciousss and it is not a war I intend on losing."

Amanda nipped at his thumb, her intense yellow eyes watching for the shift in the expression on his face. She saw relief in his eyes, but that was quickly swallowed by desire, stark and raw that burned like a tangible entity between them. He had never once felt such a strong longing for anyone in his entire existence and no matter how many times he had her, he knew that he would never be able to get enough of her.

"You tempt me too damn much, woman." He growled lowly before he finally caved in and claimed her lips with his own. He kept his gaze locked on hers, even as he backed her up against the stone of the cistern wall. He felt her breath rush out of her lungs and pass between them. The fingers of his left hand remained tangled in her hair while those of his right curled at the back of her neck, gently tugging and shifting her head exactly where he wanted it in order to deepen the kiss. The edges of his teeth scraped erotically along the fullness of her lower lip and tugged it between his lightly. He was rewarded when her nails dug into the flesh at his waist. She was a bit too short to reach his shoulders without some form of discomfort unless she was propped up closer to his height. Either way, it mattered not to him. He enjoyed her touch regardless. Pennywise practically purred in delight when he felt her fingers smooth over the flesh over his ribs, rewarded when those nails dug sharp enough to cause thin rivulets of blood to seep into the air.

With a harsh growl, Pennywise slid his hands down to the backs of her thighs and lifted her up nearly forcefully off of her feet. Her legs immediately locked around his waist, a purr of delight rumbling past her lips as she felt the evidence of his arousal pressing against her even through the fabric of their clothing.

His attention was immediately pulled towards the entrance to the central chamber. His yellow gaze watching the rounded arch for several seconds over her shoulder.

"It seems that we are not alone any longer, Preciousss."

"I know, I felt it too." Her whisered words caused him to look at her. Like his, her eyes had bled to that familiar Demonic yellow. "Friend or foe?"

His focus shifted back towards the entrance. "I don't know, but it feels...familiar."

## 19. Chapter 19

**Author's Note: UPDATED! FINALLY!** Sorry for the delay ladies and gents. Life got away from me and I have been so busy! I **HAD** to write something (This chapter may be a bit short. Sort of a fill in until I flesh out where to go from here). This chapter is dedicated to **Jareth Maxwell** for the shares and what not on Facebook. **THANK YOU!** Please enjoy! **R & R!**

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**Theme Song:** Marilyn Manson - Cry Little Sister

Denbrough! The Clown's lips pulled back from his teeth in a silent snarl. How had that fool-hearted stuttering child managed to find them? Then again, Pennywise hadn't moved from his subterranean nest in nearly thirty years. He supposed it was only logical that the petulant imbecile would come here first. With a sigh, he released his hold on Amanda and let her slide back down to touch her feet on the ground.

"We can not remain here." He stated taking a hold of her hand. "Denbrough is part of the Cult of Chud. He will not rest until he has destroyed us both and I will not put you in danger."

"You do realize that I am quite capable of taking care of myself, Pennywise." She stopped him with a hand on his forearm. "You do not need to do this alone anymore."

A rumbling purr escaped him as he cupped the side of her face in the large palm of his hand. He leaned forward, resting his forehead against hers and allowing his eyes to fall closed, even if only for a moment. She humbled him. This small woman managed to both tame and inflame the Demonic entity that he was. He no longer felt the need to survive just to feed. He felt the need to **protect** her, to **provide** for her. He felt the need to...*love* her...

It angered a part of him, to feel such emotions. He had never felt anything so strong other than hunger since the beginning of his existence. It enraged him to need, to crave someone so much...

"Neither are you, Precious. We will make a stand, just not here. We must prepare to bring the battle to them. We can not do that with Denbrough and the...others, breathing down our necks."

Amanda nodded once. She could see the wisdom behind his thought process. "Is there a place they do not know of?"

Pennywise gave a soft chuckle. "There are miles of underground tunnels that they do not have maps of. Tunnels of which thought to have been destroyed. Where we will go, they can not follow."